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SALVATION ARMY members made their usual appearance on city streets some days before Christmas, erecting their familiar tripods with underslung pots and tinkling their bells in the annual appeal for funds. But instead of the well-remembered slogan, "Keep the pot boiling" (presumably to cook the chicken which Mr. Hoover put there), a new placard was displayed, reading, "It's worse to be poor at Christmas." This is an unfinished statement which leaves us guessing. Does the Salvation Army mean it is worse to be poor at Christmas than to be rich? Or it is worse to be poor at Christmas than at New Year's? Or what? We think the slogan ought to be amended in the interest of clarity if not charity. Our own suggestion for a change would be, "It is unnecessary to be poor at Christmas or any other time." But then, of course, the Salvation Army would glean fewer nickels, dimes, and quarters in the places where most of the nickels, dimes, and quarters are.

THE BILL of the United States for war-debt payments fell due on December 15. Of the some $300,000,000 (including back payments still unmet) due to Uncle Sam on that day, he received $8,898,123, or a settlement of a little less than three cents on the dollar. Five of the eleven countries from which instalments were due paid nothing at all. Great Britain, which owes $117,670,765, paid $7,500,000—in American currency at the current rate of exchange! France has again declared its intention to default payment. For the second time Finland alone paid its instalment in full, without a plea for reduction. (More than one American citizen would doubtless like to know what the Finnish system of finance is.) Surely these figures must show to all but the most hide-bound intransigents that it is and has for a long time been folly to attempt to collect these moneys. The time has passed when the United States could effectively bargain with the war debts, as it has passed when this country could have achieved a reputation for generosity by canceling them. About all that remains for us to console ourselves with is promises that the debts are not forgotten. We may be sure they are not forgotten. Uncle Shylock will long be remembered by his European neighbors and erstwhile colleagues. But it is doubtful if their memory of him will be altogether flattering.

TORIES may oppose Mr. Roosevelt's monetary policy for purely selfish reasons. Such an accusation, however, cannot be leveled against Secretary of Agriculture Wallace. True, Mr. Wallace does not directly say that he opposes the Administration's program of gold buying and currency manipulation. In his annual report he is content merely to point out some of the fallacies of that program. He is apparently anxious to save the farmers from being duped by inflationary devices ostensibly designed to help them. "It is impossible," Mr. Wallace asserts, "for the government in its monetary policy to single out any particular group of prices for special attention. By itself monetary action does nothing to change maladjusted situations for the better. Indeed, it may tend to prevent a favorable change by temporarily hiding the need. . . . It is well to bear in mind the probability that the favorable influence of our monetary policy on the prices of cotton and wheat may not continue if foreign countries reduce the weight of gold behind their currencies as rapidly as we do. . . . Currency policies may stimulate our exports temporarily but should not lead us to believe that a world-wide demand exists for our surpluses, unless sufficient changes have been made in our tariffs to build up sufficiently increased foreign purchasing power."

THE NAME of Rexford G. Tugwell is sending cold chills up the spine of the advertising profession and its vociferous dependent, the publishing business. To discover the coldness of the chills and their incidence it is only necessary to look at *Printers' Ink*, a journal for advertisers, for December 14. Under the present pure food and drug law, as everyone knows, the government must prove in court that a product is injurious to the consumer before it can proceed against the manufacturer. That sounds fair, but in more than one instance the evidence has taken the form of the death certificates of several consumers—which has seemed a little extreme even to laissez fairists. The new law attempts to stop up these fatal loopholes. But the advertisers

and the publishers of advertising see in the bill, first, Dictatorship, and second, Ruin. The seeds of dictatorship, it seems, lie in the provision by which the Secretary of Agriculture is directed to give publicity to proceedings and judgments against manufacturers and their products and to information he considers necessary in the public interest. Ruin lies in the innocent statement, among others, that "a right of action shall accrue to any person for injury or death caused by a violation of this act" (lawsuits for damages are expensive both to reputations and to finances), and in the possibility which the advertisers profess to see in the bill of a government grading scheme through which consumers would know whether a product was A, B, or C without looking at the gaily colored and extremely profitable advertisements in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

PRINTERS' INK discloses other interesting facts and points of view. Editorially, for instance, it informs us that "after a hectic two-day hearing . . . it became apparent that Senator Copeland, chairman, . . . is vigorously against the measure in its present form." The consumer, it seems, was the object of special concern at the hearing. John Benson, president of the American Association of Advertising Agencies, "was particularly concerned" about the consumer, inasmuch as "upon his or her confidence in advertising depends any permanent extent of advertising effort." It was the same kind of concern no doubt which led to the statement of Lee H. Bristol, of the Association of National Advertisers. "The advertiser," he said, "has studied and knows the consumer, depends for his living on him or her. In some cases the advertiser by study and experience knows what the consumer wants better than does the consumer himself." The consumer, we are sure, will be gratified by this interest in his welfare on the part of the advertiser even though it bears some similarity to the interest that the Walrus and the Carpenter displayed in the little oysters. But if the consumer is wise he will insist that the new pure food, drug, and cosmetic act be passed with no basic modifications. Meanwhile, one telling blow against the government should be recorded. A spokesman for the publishers at the hearing stated that even government advertising was sometimes misleading. He produced a flamboyant poster bearing the words "Join the Navy and See the World." "I personally know of several young men," he said in effect, "who joined the navy five years ago and have been in the Brooklyn Navy Yard ever since."

AMBASSADOR BULLITT accompanied the presentation of his credentials to the Russian government with some earnest words not only on the significance of his historic mission but also on the desire of the United States to work with the Soviets for the establishment of world peace. Their close collaboration in this task would, Mr. Bullitt declared, "draw our peoples together" and lead to "fruitful cooperation" in many other fields. He did not overstate the opportunity before the two peoples, notably in the Far East, where the whole question of war and peace presents itself at every turn. We believe that Mr. Bullitt will be fully equal to his great task. He brings with him not only a considerable knowledge of Russia, as he said, but genuine regard for the Russian people. More than that, our memory goes back to the report made by him and Lincoln Steffens to Woodrow Wilson and Lloyd George in the spring of 1919 when the first two had been dispatched to Moscow on a reconnoitering expedition to advise the treaty-making statesmen what course to follow in regard to Russia. Mr. Bullitt favored recognition at that time, and showed a complete grasp and understanding of the situation. But Mr. Wilson would not accept Mr. Bullitt's report because it was not what he wished it to be, and Lloyd George had the effrontery to deny a little later in the House of Commons that he had ever talked with Mr. Bullitt, although that gentleman had been the British Premier's guest at breakfast after his return! It is no exaggeration to say that the history of the world since that date was gravely affected by the failure to take Mr. Bullitt's advice and by the embarkation of the great Powers upon a policy of encircling Russia with bayonets. President Roosevelt's appointment of Mr. Bullitt as our first Ambassador is only a bit of historic justice, a fitting recognition of his work in 1919.

A GOOD DEAL OF TALK about the possibility of a fascist government in this country is going the rounds. It is doubtful if the persons who do this particular bit of prophesying quite realize what a fascist government in good standing demands of its citizens. In this connection it is enlightening to study a document made public lately by the Italian anti-Fascist daily *La Stampa,* published in New York City. This purports to be—and there is no particular reason to doubt its authenticity nor has it been repudiated by the Mussolini Government—a copy of orders issued to Italian newspapers by the government on several days last August. The implication is that such orders are issued daily to every paper published in Italy. A few quotations will suffice to make clear the nature of the control:

> *August 4.* 3. By the use of large type great prominence should be given on the first page to the orders issued by Il Duce for the celebration of Mother and Child's Day.
>
> 4. Warning is hereby given to abstain from using the words "supreme hierarchies," as the party has only one: Il Duce.
>
> *August 7.* 4. Do not advertise the success of the loan in the United States and do not speak of America's inflation policy.
>
> 8. The following line appeared in the *Corriere della Sera*: "Instruction by H. E. Rossini on Motherland and Childhood." Bear in mind that all circulars by under secretaries are issued not on their personal initiative but on Il Duce's order, and that at any rate they are an emanation from the regime, not from individuals. This instruction should serve as a guide for the future as well.
>
> *August 9.* 2. Feature, avoiding all exaggeration, under a two-column headline, the visit paid by Il Duce to Camp Sandre Mussolini.
>
> 6. An article study on the depression has appeared in *Regime*. It is not timely. The papers should concern themselves rather with the signs of recovery. The depression will be examined and studied when it has disappeared.

This is enough to give you the idea. We may point out to our readers that such regulation in the United States would not only mean the summary death of *The Nation* but the complete denaturing of the New York *Herald Tribune*. Perhaps it might be just as well to do everything that is humanly possible to avoid having a fascist dictatorship in this country. We might not like it after all.

THREE WARRANTS charging murder in the first degree have already been issued in St. Joseph, Missouri, for the lynching of Lloyd Warner, Negro, on November 28. Following an admirable statement by Governor McKittrick denouncing mob violence wherever it occurred, Circuit Judge J. V. Gaddy, in charging a grand jury to bring indictments for every person suspected of having had a part in the lynching, did not mince words. "That lynching was not done by good, outraged citizens," he said. "It was done by men whose moral standards, you will find, are little higher than those of the man who was lynched. That lynching was murder, nothing but cowardly, despicable murder. . . . The man who pulled off the jail door, or any man who helped in any way to break into the jail, is just as guilty of murder as the man who placed the rope around Warner's neck." Shall not the same thing be said of the Governor of a State who declares he will not send troops to interfere with persons who are about to take the law into their own hands by murdering a fellow-citizen? Anthony Cataldi of San José, who boasted, in an article which appeared in a number of newspapers the day after the California lynching, that he had rounded up the mob and had led them to the jail, has been arrested on information supplied by the American Civil Liberties Union. Governor Rolph, when informed of the arrest, declared he had not changed "one iota" his intention of pardoning anyone convicted of participation in the San José lynching. The man is incorrigible. It remains to be seen whether the same is true of enough citizens of California to reelect him to the office which he has defamed.

WE DO NOT RECALL a reform government in New York City which has been as well manned as Mr. LaGuardia's new administration bids fair to be. The appointments made by him up to the time of our going to press are generally excellent. He has lived up to his promise to exclude politics, and in a number of instances has picked the best men available. Thus, to have induced Robert Moses, the successful and able chairman of the Long Island State Park Commission, to become head of New York City's parks was a brilliant stroke of policy. To have induced A. A. Berle, Jr., to take the position of City Chamberlain until such time as that needless office is abolished was another shrewd move, while the selection of William Hodson, for years a leading social worker, for Commissioner of Public Welfare has been universally praised. In picking General John F. O'Ryan to be his Police Commissioner, Mr. LaGuardia chose a man who was probably the most successful of our war generals who were trained in the militia. A fine disciplinarian but never a militarist or a martinet, General O'Ryan's selection is feared by the worthless elements among the police. But the appointment which pleases us most is that of Paul Blanshard as Commissioner of Accounts, which means Grand Inquisitor, since that office carries the right to delve into the affairs of all the others. Here Mr. Blanshard will be in his element, and he should succeed in painting an even more vivid picture of what Tammany has been doing to New York than did Samuel Seabury.

THE ACQUITTAL of Athos Terzani, on trial for murder in New York City, shows what can be done to prevent the railroading for political reasons of an innocent man when an energetic effort is made sufficiently early. Terzani was arrested, after a shooting at a fascist meeting, upon the complaint of Art Smith of the discredited Khaki Shirts of America. Terzani, an anti-fascist, had previously accused one of Smith's followers of the shooting and had shown the police where the slayer had hid the pistol. A strong defense committee was organized for Terzani, and competent counsel was obtained, headed by Arthur Garfield Hays. At the trial not only was the prosecution discredited but the defense named the man it believed to have been the slayer and presented evidence to support the charge. It took the jury only thirty-two minutes to find Terzani not guilty. While Terzani's acquittal is a credit to his defense committee and counsel, it reflects little luster upon the District Attorney of Queens County, who stood pat upon the original police version of the shooting and refused to follow up clues supplied by the defense. The much-vaunted Anglo-Saxon system of criminal justice works fairly well in many cases, but where political or class prejudice enters, it may easily make a victim of a man without money or friends.

"PEACE ON EARTH," the first production of the Theater Union, has been variously received by the critics of the New York press. It has been praised and condemned and ignored. *The Nation's* critic found it obvious and tiresome. But despite this wide divergence of professional taste, it has been received with unanimous enthusiasm by great numbers of the people for whom it was primarily intended. Workers, students, radicals, pacifists have flocked to the Civic Repertory Theater and filled to capacity the lower-priced seats. Benefits and theater parties have been arranged by a united front of such diverse organizations as the International Labor Defense, the Marine Workers' Industrial Union, branches of the Socialist Party, the League for Industrial Democracy, the New Workers' School, and several more. Almost as great variety marks the management of the Theater Union organization. It is this surprisingly wide appeal that lends importance to the enterprise. For the Theater Union is the first venture of just this kind to be launched in New York. It is a non-profit organization, originally financed by individual contributions. It pays small salaries. If it should make any profit, half will go into a producing fund and half be divided among the actors and other workers in the Union. The price scale is from thirty cents to $1.50, with half the house priced below a dollar. It will produce plays designed to appeal to working-class and radical audiences. Indeed, this is a working-class theater of the only sort that we believe in—one which is attended by workers because they like it and because they can afford to go. The unfortunate corollary to the encouraging fact of working-class support is that the Theater Union needs also, if it is to survive, the support of the people who can buy the higher-priced seats. And so far, it has not succeeded in filling its front rows.

THE hazards of the holiday gift season must have been considerably augmented this year by the happy department-store thought of providing "gift advisers"—efficient persons who know just what to buy for Uncle Ned or Cousin Sue. If there is anything which we would open on Christmas morning with more trepidation than an infernal machine, it would be a package from Aunt Hannah selected by a "gift adviser."

Another Power Fight Ahead

THE electric-power interests are like a dragon which, as soon as one head is cut off, promptly pushes out another without ever a quiver of the torso. The public needs to keep an ax handy all the time to lop off new heads as they appear in the guise of politicians and financiers seeking to embezzle the country's natural resources. Especially is it necessary this winter to attack the strong lobby which is forming against the development of the St. Lawrence River for the benefit of the public. It is now evident that a secretly directed campaign has begun not only to see to it that the public does not get cheaper current from the greatest electric development planned on this continent, but actually to have the project carried out at government expense and then detoured to the enrichment of private interests.

The St. Lawrence development, it will be recalled, is part of the scheme for a 27-foot waterway, deep enough for practically all seagoing craft, from the Atlantic Ocean to the head of the Great Lakes, instead of the present channel which in places is as shallow as 14 feet. By the treaty between this country and Canada signed on July 18, 1932, the United States undertook to deepen the channel at necessary points in the four upper lakes, Canada promised to improve the Welland Canal between Lakes Erie and Ontario, and the two nations agreed to attack jointly the impediments to navigation in that part of the St. Lawrence River which constitutes the international boundary. This amounts to 115 miles, separating New York from Ontario. Between Ogdensburg and Massena—48 miles—the famous St. Lawrence rapids drop 85 feet. It is proposed to convert this into a series of dams and pools, developing in connection with them 2,200,000 horse-power in electricity, more than the amount so far projected at Muscle Shoals and Boulder Dam combined. The power is to be divided equally between the United States and Canada.

This country's heritage, if scheming financiers and crooked politicians have their way, would go to the companies now controlling the field on their own terms and be sold to domestic consumers at an average price of six cents a kilowatt hour, although private corporations are distributing electricity at a profit in St. Louis and the city of Washington at three to four cents a kilowatt hour and in Ontario a government agency sells it at two cents. It was thought at first that the protection of the American consumer was guaranteed by the arrangement whereby the federal government intrusted its quota of 1,100,000 horse-power to the Power Authority of the State of New York. This body, with an able and public-spirited personnel, was set up in 1931, and in return for the rights which New York receives, the State has undertaken to pay $89,000,000 of the $258,000,000 which will be this nation's share in the cost of the St. Lawrence development. But the Power Authority is not authorized—as it should have been—to sell direct to the consumer. It must make contracts with distributing companies. This arrangement was dictated by the New York power interests, dominated by the Niagara Hudson Power Corporation. Holding a monopoly of distributing facilities as they do, these companies are in a position to decline to make contracts for new power except on their own terms. The only way to beat them is through municipal distribution—or at least the possibility of it.

To this end bills were introduced in the New York Legislature in 1930, 1931, and 1932, backed by Franklin D. Roosevelt, then Governor, to permit municipalities to go into the power business if authorized to do so by a referendum vote of their citizens. New York is one of only six States today in which municipalities lack that power. The Republican-controlled, corporation-bossed legislatures did not even report the bills out of committee. But in 1933, with a small Democratic majority in the senate, a better result was hoped for. It did not materialize. A bill, supported by Governor Lehman, with difficulty reached the floor of the senate, where it was beaten. Four Democrats voted in the negative and two refrained from voting, proving that the utilities can find friends in either party when needed.

The campaign of the power companies at the forthcoming session of the New York Legislature will be strong but indirect. Instead of waging a fight primarily on the power issue, which might arouse too much public resentment, the utility interests are making their attack, in part at least, on the navigational aspects of the waterway project. They are reviving old local jealousies, especially the argument that the commerce of the New York Barge Canal, the Hudson River, and the port of New York will suffer by the completion of the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence waterway. The argument is probably unfounded, but even if true should be disregarded in the face of the wide national benefits of the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence project. It seems evident that if the power interests fail to mold the legislature according to their hearts' desire, they will turn to Congress and seek to block the ratification of the amplifying treaty between Canada and the United States upon which the work on the St. Lawrence River depends. Masked behind the present opposition is the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, representing all the most sinister and selfish financial interests of lower Manhattan. The opposition includes, of course, the power companies of New York and Westchester counties. Chairman Maltbie of the Public Service Commission showed lately that their dividends were 25 per cent higher at the end of 1931 than in June, 1929, and in 1932 were 16.5 per cent higher than in June, 1929. Meanwhile, during the depression, salary increases have been made to various utility officers already fabulously paid for mulcting the public.

Work cannot begin on the St. Lawrence development until the Power Authority can make contracts for the sale of electricity upon which revenue bonds can be issued. Not only is it important that a great continental navigation and power project be not delayed, but it is equally essential that American workers and industries be not deprived at this time of the advantage of the proposed expenditures. It is estimated that the St. Lawrence project means the expenditure by the United States of $30,000,000 annually for seven years.

The voters of New York State need and deserve the support of the entire nation in their fight for legislation per-

mitting municipalities to go into the manufacture and distribution of electricity, for it is essentially a national battle. The effect of the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence waterway will be felt across the continent, while power from the St. Lawrence River can be transmitted economically for 300 miles, which means over practically all of New York, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island, and part of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Maine. The New York League of Women Voters has already lined up in favor of the enabling act for municipalities, a course which may well be followed elsewhere. Progressive newspapers throughout the country should lose no time in getting into the fray.

A Journalistic Blunder

THE people of New York City were treated to an amazing journalistic spectacle in the New York *World-Telegram* of December 15. Both editorially and in a long news story the *World-Telegram* confused the issues of free speech and lynching. Two days earlier Westbrook Pegler, a former sports writer who is now conducting a column opposite that of Heywood Broun in the Scripps-Howard press, wrote a vicious defense of lynching, which, in view of the wide influence of the Scripps-Howard chain, undoubtedly did as much harm as Governor Rolph's statement. That same evening the executive committee of the Writers' League Against Lynching, whose roster of members, according to the *World-Telegram,* reads "like a 'Who's Who in the Literary World,'" sent the following telegram, in the names of all its members, to Roy Howard, president of the Scripps-Howard chain:

> We were astounded and outraged to read in the *World-Telegram* Westbrook Pegler's defense of lynching. We trust that this wire will appear in full, with all signatures, as a letter in all your papers in which the Pegler article appeared, so that it may be clear to the American public that there are those in the writing profession who abhor Mr. Pegler's attitude on lynching.

Mr. Howard chose to interpret—we understand not through malice but through excitement—this clearly worded telegram as an attack upon free speech. Going over the head of the secretary of the committee and over the heads of a thoroughly responsible executive committee of well-known writers, Mr. Howard communicated hastily by telephone and telegraph with various members of the league throughout the country, asking if they had protested against the printing of Mr. Pegler's article and implying definitely that the telegram to which their names were signed called for the censorship or removal of Mr. Pegler. Mr. Howard failed to read to them the telegram in question. Fannie Hurst, Bruce Bliven, and others among those questioned naturally disclaimed any wish to have Mr. Pegler censored or removed. Whereupon the *World-Telegram* ran an irrelevant editorial defending its columnist's right to free speech, and a long news article which gave all the signatures to the telegram, statements from various signers who very properly declared that they were not against free speech, several fanciful elaborations on this theme—everything, indeed, except the telegram itself.

After the secretary of the league, Suzanne La Follette, had objected to this hysterical handling of a news story, the telegram was embodied in later editions. Its appearance made all the pother about free speech look silly. Meanwhile the executive committee and other members of the league were not idle. When Fannie Hurst was informed of the contents of the telegram, she declared that the issue had been misrepresented to her as one of free speech. Mr. Bliven declared likewise. Many members of the league telegraphed to Mr. Howard, protesting against the mishandling of the story and the unwarranted confusion of the issues of free speech and lynching.

The Nation is aware that the Scripps-Howard newspapers have been a powerful influence against the spirit of lynching and mob violence in this country. Therefore it seems to us peculiarly unfortunate that Mr. Howard should have dealt so confusedly with a group of nationally known writers whose sole purpose is to further a cause to which his newspapers are also devoted.

A Polite Conference

THE unanimity and good temper of the Pan-American Conference at Montevideo are a measure of its failure. They prove, as the correspondents have indicated, how successfully controversial issues have been kept off the agenda and provocative speeches reduced to a minimum. By avoiding, and thus failing to resolve, any of the crucial sources of conflict between the nations of this hemisphere, particularly between the United States and its economic vassals, the conference has moved smoothly toward a satisfactory conclusion; for in international assemblages a successful conference is one which adjourns with everybody still on speaking terms, while an unsuccessful conference is one which blows up because real issues are discussed on which no two nations can agree.

Not that the Pan-American meeting has been wholly serene or wholly without accomplishment. Its sessions have been enlivened with brief bursts of plain speaking—generally about the United States. The Cuban delegates have stressed on every occasion the reality of American intervention despite the fact that armed forces have not yet been landed. Haiti has openly and repeatedly opposed our continued financial control; the leader of the Haiti delegation was able most effectively to expose his country's financial enslavement when, in approving Secretary Hull's proposals for reciprocal tariff arrangements, he made the pointed reservation that he would have to refer the matter to the American Financial Adviser who controls Haiti's financial life.

As to accomplishments, resolutions have of course been adopted on an impressive array of subjects. Secretary Hull's tariff proposals called for a new indorsement of the most-favored-nation principle with certain modern improvements designed to introduce a new measure of reciprocity in agreements containing that famous clause. This modest achievement is far from Mr. Hull's dream of drastically lowered tariffs, but at least it is an acknowledgment of the obvious fact, which American politicians have for so long refused to face, that we cannot hope to sell in markets where we are unwilling to buy. Already we are beginning to negotiate bilateral treaties based upon a rather simple theory of barter;

and Secretary Hull's proposals at Montevideo undoubtedly express the Administration's present tariff policy.

By far the most concrete, as well as the most dramatic, act of the conference was its decision to submit to the member nations a convention guaranteeing equal nationality rights to women and a recommendation that the nations grant equal civil and political rights "as soon as possible." The Inter-American Commission of Women, headed by Doris Stevens of the United States, submitted these proposals in the form of two conventions; but the committee which reported on them converted the convention on the general status of women into the milder form of a mere recommendation. In this final shape the two measures, together with a third continuing the existence of the commission, won the support of the entire conference with the notable exception of the United States delegates, who abstained from voting. It is true that the United States has gone far toward removing legal inequalities between men and women in regard to nationality. This fact, however, is not sufficient to explain the refusal of the United States to record itself in favor of the nationality convention. Not only as a matter of justice to women but also as a convenience to the nations themselves, it seems wholly desirable that the inequalities and variations regarding women's nationality be wiped out. This question, unlike the question of women's rights in general, seems an eminently suitable matter for international negotiation and action.

But the opposition of the United States to both proposals, and to the continuation of the Commission of Women, springs from domestic political and social causes quite outside the ken of the nations gathered at Montevideo. The leadership of the commission in the United States is controlled by the left wing of the feminist forces. Doris Stevens and Alice Paul and other survivors of the militant suffrage movement are responsible for the foundation and policies of the commission. Their proposed convention governing civil and political rights is merely a rewriting for international purposes of the Susan B. Anthony Amendment to the Constitution for which they have so long agitated. It is well known that the present Administration is strongly opposed to this blanket bill of rights, which admittedly would render unconstitutional much of the protective legislation which such persons as the Secretary of Labor, Miss Perkins, and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt have supported. Thus a long history of division of opinion and bitter political hostility lies back of the attitude expressed to a puzzled Pan-American conference by the United States delegation.

That about sums up the substantial achievements at Montevideo to date, although the conference deserves a certain amount of credit for the conclusion of the truce in the Gran Chaco. The nations have also unanimously agreed to adhere to such of the five existing peace pacts as they have not already signed. As for the vital questions of inter-American relations, they remain for the most part unasked and wholly unanswered. The American delegation has repeated again the familiar technique of polite evasion. There has been perhaps less bombast than is usual on such occasions, but no greater frankness or boldness or disinterestedness. In spite of Secretary Hull's disarming honesty and personal charm, it is hard to believe that the nations of South and Central America and the Caribbean have been given any reason to hope that the new era promised by President Roosevelt is likely to bear any immediate tangible fruit.

Food for Squirrels

THE gray squirrels, or at least a considerable number of them, are reported to be leaving Massachusetts, Connecticut, and eastern New York. Now squirrels may not seem very important in a world full of unemployment, revolution, and the threat of war, but then, it must be remembered, unemployment, revolution, and the threat of war do not seem very important to squirrels.

No one seems to know for sure why they are leaving or just where they are going, and some have been unkind enough to suggest that the squirrels themselves have only a hazy idea. Oldest inhabitants are sure that it presages a hard winter, or even that the knowing little creatures have advance information of something worse than the chestnut blight which is about to destroy all the nut-bearing trees of the region, but Dr. H. E. Anthony, curator of mammals at the American Museum of Natural History, is inclined to take a less romantic view. Other observers remember that there was an equally great trek in 1866 and agree with Dr. Anthony that it is merely the result of overpopulation and an attendant shortage of food. This immediately raises the question of what would be gained if the excess population of the East moved West while the excess population of the West moved East, but we will come to that later in the discussion.

Tidings of the migration first appeared in the newspapers several weeks ago and were followed shortly after by a report that the wanderers were coming back again. News was then scarce for a while until the whole thing started over again when it was reported that some 700 had been seen crossing the Connecticut River, and Captain Charles Simms, of the Pauteck ferry, added the information that a dozen effete individuals had preferred to be carried across on his boat. It is barely possible, of course, that the reds are responsible—the reds being, in case you don't know, literally red and, though smaller than the grays, so much more ferocious that they are perpetually making it pretty difficult for the latter, and even causing hard feeling against America among the English because some of them emigrated and are acting the part of gangsters over there.

As originally planned, this editorial was intended to have no moral and to be written exclusively from the squirrels' point of view, but we cannot help finding lessons no matter where we look, and we come back to a question suggested above. It seems that all this migrating does not really do most of the individual squirrels much good and does not overpopulate the West because most of them don't get there anyway. Mr. Goodwin, also of the American Museum, says quite cheerfully that they tend to get drowned or disposed of in other ways, so that the migration is more or less like that of the famous lemmings of Norway, which periodically and cheerfully drown themselves by the thousands in the sea while, presumably, looking for some island which has not been there for several hundred thousand years. In other words—we have got to the moral at last—squirrels are not very much more intelligent in the management of their affairs than men are. They go on multiplying until there are too many of them and then go in for getting themselves killed in more or less wholesale fashion.

Issues and Men

The United States and the Next War

MY prolific friend and former colleague on the New York *Evening Post,* Frank H. Simonds, has just published a startling book on the European situation in the light of Hitler, entitled "America Faces the Next War" (Harper and Brothers). Like myself Mr. Simonds has frequently been called a pessimist because he has been guilty of looking darkly upon the European situation, and like myself he has a number of fulfilled prophecies to his credit. His present book will not lead anyone to dub him an optimist. He is frankly of the opinion that there is going to be a "next war" in Europe. "Men may still assert," he writes, "that a new war in Europe has not yet become inevitable. With an even greater show of warrant they may argue that it is not today imminent, but what no man can longer deny with reason after the German election of November 12 is that war is a present possibility, and that, in 1934 as in 1914, European peace will be at the mercy of an incident." Mr. Simonds is entirely correct. You cannot sit down and say that war will come next spring, or next summer, or a year hence. Wars do not come that way, and this holds true even if there were some lucky guesses which fixed the coming of the war in 1914 pretty accurately. Wars are much more apt to come by such incidents as the blowing up of the Maine or the pistol shot at Sarajevo. And I am afraid that I must also associate myself with his belief that another war in Europe is on the cards. Before Hitler's potential army became a reality, there were 1,000,000 more men under arms in Europe than there were in 1914. We knew then that those swollen armaments must inevitably lead to war, and now we have not only larger armaments but the iniquitous Versailles treaty, against which Mr. Simonds has repeatedly spoken out admirably, to make altogether likely another world catastrophe. In addition, Germany is, to use Mr. Simonds's words, "in the hands of insane nationalists and mad racists, and those of its citizens who are still of sound mind are interned as dangerous to society."

But the most important part of Mr. Simonds's book is the last chapter, United States, Neutral or Belligerent. He is emphatic in his belief that if Europe is plainly marching toward a new war, "American statesmanship is just as unmistakably following a course which must presently make American participation in that conflict inevitable." His reasons for this belief are that in foreign affairs the New Deal is "only the old Wilsonism in a fresh disguise," with the single difference that Mr. Wilson wanted to end a European struggle and Mr. Roosevelt is trying to prevent one. He points out Mr. Wilson's two breaks with historic American policy: first, his expansion of American policy to include the question of peace for Europe, and, second, his taking the conduct of foreign relations out of the hands of the Secretary of State and putting it in those of his unofficial agent, Colonel House. Now, Mr. Simonds thinks, President Roosevelt by his participation in the League Disarmament Conference also includes European peace in the direct scope of American foreign policy, and is using Norman H. Davis in the same capacity in which Mr. Wilson used Colonel House. Frankly, I think this analogy forced. Mr. Roosevelt expanded but little our already existing participation in the Disarmament Conference; he let Mr. Davis talk instead of keeping silent, although present, at the proceedings. Nor can I feel that Mr. Davis's activities are quite as unofficial as were Colonel House's. Of course there should be no ambassador abroad not under the control of the State Department and authorized by Congress.

There the fact is, that Europe is heading for war and that American policy is not clearly defined. I have already stated in these pages my feeling that admirable as Mr. Roosevelt's record has been in many domestic fields, it has been a failure in international affairs, with the exception of Russian recognition. I feel that the danger to the United States is enhanced by the President's drifting in foreign matters, and by his inability to get time to think properly about our international complications, more than by any determination of his to be mixed up in the European situation. It must be admitted, however, that the result will be the same—whether we drift into another war or deliberately maneuver ourselves into it. Next, Mr. Simonds feels that all the American equivocation and ambiguity of recent years could have been avoided if our government had faced two facts: first, that all discussions of European armaments must be political, and, second, that America cannot achieve anything in this field without being willing to make definite commitments as to its own part in any future struggle. Mr. Davis did this last summer, when he promised that in the event of the Allies being attacked, the United States would alter its traditional policy on neutral rights to the advantage of those attacked. Finally, Mr. Simonds thinks that the spirit of Europe in 1933 is indistinguishable from that of 1914 in its irreconcilable nationalisms.

Lewis Gannett, of the New York *Herald Tribune,* has characterized Mr. Simonds as "one of the most exciting and excitable, provocative, informed, and prejudiced, brilliant and abusive writers on international affairs in America today." That is a very apt description of him, but it should not prevent anybody from reading this book and seeking the author's views on the situation which he outlines, but for which, however, he does not specify a remedy. Certainly there is nothing that demands more solemn thought on the part of the American people and the Administration than this problem. We have already challenged England by entering upon a new armament race, and England has answered that challenge, and so will Japan. All the more, therefore, we ought to outline publicly and promptly our policy in regard to Europe. We should say above all else that under no circumstances will the United States ever be brought into another European struggle; that its institutions are still rocking from the shock of the war into which Mr. Wilson put us so lightly; and that America must face the next war by keeping out of it at all costs.

Oswald Garrison Villard

The Two Wings of the Blue Eagle

I. The Wing upon the Left

By JOHN STRACHEY

GENERAL JOHNSON, I see, says that the NRA is "the seventh wonder of the world." He does not tell us which of the older established wonders he has thus reduced to the ranks in order to make room for the Blue Eagle. Someone with a greater respect for antiquity might perhaps have contented himself with claiming for his bird the place of eighth wonder—thus leaving Pyramids, Colossus, and Pharos intact. The General, however, is notoriously no respecter of persons. Ford and Pharoah are all the same to him: the traditions of history and the laws of economics bend alike before the gusts of his rhetoric.

The main purpose of these articles is to attempt some estimate of the permanent effect which the codes of the NRA, together with the other parts of the New Deal, may be expected to have upon the structure of American capitalism. First, however, we must consider the more immediate and spectacular features—the inflationary features—of the New Deal. For let us readily admit that the General's pet is a marvelous bird. It has a wing upon the left and a wing upon the right. And first it flaps its right wing and then it flaps its left wing. Nor does it let the left wing know what the right wing doeth.

Let us first study what I call its "left" wing—the wing of forced "credit expansion"—to use a fashionable and polite euphemism for inflation. I call this the "left" wing, not because its flappings bring any stable benefits to the working class—quite the contrary. But inflation, which is simply an increase in the general price level, is a "left" policy in three ways. First, it does bring benefits, though temporary, to the great debtor class. Second, it has, since it allows of large-scale governmental relief expenditures and *may* cause a short-lived revival in general industrial employment, a powerful demagogic appeal to the masses. Third, it arouses violent opposition from certain important sections of the extreme "right," from the financial, lending as opposed to producing, capitalists—the great creditor class.

Now the "left" or inflationary wing of the eagle has up till now been the active factor in the flight of the bird. (Ornithologists will no doubt tell me that the Blue Eagle must on this account be flying in a circle; maybe they are right.) Let us recall for a moment what, precisely, the National Recovery Act has so far accomplished. Quite the most comprehensive and convenient "table of results" which I have yet seen was given by Mr. Rukeyser in the Chicago *Herald and Examiner* of November 24 last. Mr. Rukeyser takes three dates for comparison—April 17, the date when America ruptured the convertibility of her currency with gold (this date may be conveniently taken as the starting-point of the New Deal); July 18, as the peak point of last summer's expansion of business; and November 13, as the latest date for which figures were then available.

The vital figures in the table are for industrial production and the wholesale-price level. (I have seen other, differing figures which have evidently been taken from different price and production indices. But the variations are not sufficient materially to affect the argument.) Between April 17 and November 13 industrial production increased 4 per cent and the wholesale-price level increased 17.5 per cent. Between April and July, however, industrial production had increased no less than 43 per cent, and the price level only 16 per cent. Consequently, between July and November industrial production sank 27 per cent and the price level rose 1.7 per cent.

The more one looks at these figures the more serious they seem. In April the brakes were taken off the credit engines—and away we went! Down went the dollar, out came the promises of governmental billions of credit. Industrial production shot up, and so did prices. But the ratio of the increase of these two indices seemed quite healthy. We may think of an increase in the price level, effected by monetary means, as a stimulant applied to industry. Last summer a 16 per cent dose of the stimulant produced a 43 per cent response in increased activity on the part of the patient. Not at all bad, said the doctors of the New Deal in a glow of self-complacency.

And then the patient suffered a relapse. Industrial production began to drop and drop. The doctors hurried forward. Their only advice was some more of the medicine which had produced such excellent results last time. The billions multiplied; everybody and everything was dragooned into lending and borrowing. But these new billions had far less effect than before. The patient could not hold down much of the new dose. Only a 1.7 per cent response in the price level was recorded. Worse, that part of the drug which the patient could retain in his system had ceased to have any effect upon his strength. By November 13 industrial production was back almost to the level on which the New Deal had started. The net achievement of the seventh wonder of the world, according to Mr. Rukeyser's figures, is a 4 per cent increase in production in six months. And that achievement has been made at the cost of a 17.5 per cent increase in the price level.

It seems clear from these figures that a classical process of inflation is before us. At first, a moderate amount of monetary depreciation—whether it is effected by forced credit expansion or printing notes is quite beside the point—has a striking effect upon production. And then the new production begins to catch up with what real demand there was. The machine begins to jam again (July, 1933). The only thing to do, say the New Dealers, is to pour in some more billions. But now it takes a double dose to produce half the effect. The price level and production still rise together, but the ratio has altogether changed. A fatal sign appears (July-November, 1933). The price level and the level of production begin to move in opposite directions. The ever-augmenting billions of governmental easy money still—though with difficulty—manage to raise the price level. But the level of production obstinately goes its own way—downwards.

It would be rash to suggest that this will be the end of the great American inflation. Considerable as have been the doses of the monetary drug up to date, far more massive quantities of easy money may yet emerge from Washington. It is possible that an emission of new cataracts of credit can continue to push up the price level, and even to turn back the downward drift of industrial production. These things are possible, though by no means certain. Complex interactions are here involved, and I, for one, do not pretend to be able to foresee the issue.

It is perfectly conceivable, moreover, that a steep inflation may be continued through 1934, even if such a policy is demonstrably failing to increase production, to restore, that is, the legendary condition known as "prosperity." For the object of inflation is by no means to promote the utopian ideal of universal prosperity. Inflation is a question of the division of surplus value, the sharing out of the dough, that is, between different sections of the capitalist class; and also of the increasing of the total amount of such dough available by screwing up the rate of exploitation of the workers by lowering real wages.

The effects of a swift, general increase in all prices, and that is what inflation is, upon the different sections of the capitalist class are complex. All creditors are hurt, all debtors relieved. Yes, but many capitalists are both creditors and debtors. Entrepreneurs, actual producers, that is, whether they are the small agricultural capitalists we call farmers, or the small industrialists, are apt to be benefited, at any rate temporarily. All predominantly lending interests—banks, life-insurance companies, investment houses which have more bonds than stocks—are hurt. These categories, however, could all be subdivided indefinitely and endless qualifications could be introduced.

It is already clear, however, from the political struggle which is developing so sharply, that the traditional American class-cum-territorial division between the "small-man," debtor, Western agricultural or industrial producer, who wants cheap, soft dollars to pay his debts in, and the "big," creditor, Eastern banker-financier, who wants dear, hard dollars to be paid in, still holds. The battle between these interests has been fought out time and again. This time I, for one, believe that the Western debtors will beat the Eastern creditors. I think that in spite of all the desperate fight that is being made to stop it, America will undergo pretty thorough inflation next year.

"But, surely," I shall be told, "this will not be uncontrolled inflation—surely it will be possible for the President to stop just when he wants." Why, yes, it is quite possible, *technically,* to stop an inflationary process. You can stop pumping out the billions of credit; you can stop, if you are using such old-fashioned methods, printing the greenbacks. All you have to do is to turn off the presses. But *politically* it is not quite so easy. For what does stopping inflation mean? *It means stopping paying people.* It means taking those 4,000,000 men off the C. W. A. pay rolls again; it means stopping the governmental easy money, which I watched percolating, a refreshing stream, through the country as I wandered about it last month; it means stopping those billions for the cotton farmers, those billions for the wheat farmers, those billions for the hog farmers.

To stop all this would please Dr. Sprague; would gratify Mr. Smith; would send the President's reputation to the skies—on Wall Street. But what would its effect be on Mr. Roosevelt's present popularity through the country? The man would be dead. And, as I judge him, Mr. Roosevelt is not of a suicidal type.

We should not underestimate the demagogic power of the Administration's present program. The sluice-gates of easy money are open. Even the workers are getting some of it. In each town I visited, men were being taken off the relief rolls, where all they had got had been wretched rations given in kind, and put on the C. W. A. pay rolls, where they got real money—ten or twelve dollars of it a week. The work they were put on to was, of course, in most cases farcical. In Chicago I met a man who had been put on to the "constructive" work of taking down the shop signs which someone had discovered were forbidden by some forgotten by-law of the city. But through the country the men seemed to be painting post offices—4,000,000 men painting post offices. Absurd. But 4,000,000 men drawing wages again; the greatest dole in history; there is nothing absurd in that.

True, nothing like 4,000,000 men have yet been put on, I take it. I do not know whether they ever will be. But I saw that in each town enough men from the unemployed were beginning to touch money again to make me form the opinion that Mr. Roosevelt could not stop, for his political life—and maybe, for all I know, for his actual life!

Probably these 4,000,000 unemployed, and the farmers, and the workers under NRA minimum wages, and all the other millions of American citizens will ultimately find that these new easy-money dollars which they are getting will buy them less and less. They may, however, reflect not unreasonably, that even these soft, easy-money, shrinking dollars are a lot better than no dollars at all.

The next problem is just why the great capitalist interests are opposing inflation so violently. I should have thought that, after all, they could have largely avoided loss to themselves by a little agility; by jumping from bonds to stocks, and so forth. Moreover, a mortgage paid up, even in soft dollars, is better, I should have thought, than a mortgage repudiated in hard dollars.

But no, the old guard is up. Maybe it is just the great concealed dole—for that is what I take the C. W. A. program to be—which has so roused the embattled bond-holders. They may be reflecting that though this dole is now being paid in easy money—is being paid, it will turn out therefore, very largely at the expense of the real value of the employed workers' wages—yet when the inflationary process is over, it may be necessary to go on paying this dole out of taxation. The sad story of the burdens of their British brothers is probably alarming the American capitalists. I fancy that in the alarmed tone of voice in which Mr. Smith, Mr. Warburg, and the rest of them speak of the President, I catch the echoes of Celia's admonition to Touchstone, "Enough! Speak no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation one of these days." Moreover, "plain, practical" financiers like Mr. Warburg and Mr. Baruch must be genuinely maddened by the owlish pomposities of the trustified professors. They are retorting as Touchstone did to Celia: "The more pity that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly."

The wise-speaking of all the Baruchs, and the Warburgs, and the Spragues, and the counter-blasts of the Columbia professors, will be of little avail, however. Show they never so truly that inflation smells just as sour to them

by any other name, they will not move the hearts of the unemployed, the farmers, and the rest, who have begun to smell the government's easy money. America will, I believe, go through the inflationary process. And the final verdict on that, when all the yelling and shrieking has died down, will be, "What of it?"

For inflation will leave American capitalism fundamentally unchanged; it will leave the workers worse rather than better off; it will, at most, redistribute wealth between different individual capitalists, and, to some extent, between different sections of the capitalist class. It will leave untouched every one of those features of capitalism which produced the last crash. Indeed, it will accentuate them.

What, then, are these tendencies of the capitalist system which produced the last crash? If the inflationary side of the New Deal—the left wing of the eagle—has done, and can do, nothing to remedy them, what about the New Deal's other aspects? What about the right wing of the eagle? What about the formidable structure of codes and regulations which is being built up? Is all this "leading toward socialism," or, at any rate, toward an "organized capitalism" which can avoid crashes? Or do these features also but intensify the very worst characteristics of capitalism? Is the New Deal heading straight for the new crash?

[*This is the first of a series of three articles by Mr. Strachey.*]

Can Hitler Be Trusted?

By PHILIP S. BERNSTEIN

As there may be honor among thieves, there is possible a certain integrity among dictators. Mussolini has never hesitated to make his real objectives known to the world. We did not have to like them, but there they were to take or leave. The Soviet Government has never minced words, or spent sleepless nights worrying about the susceptibilities of others. It bluntly announces it will destroy religion, break the bourgeoisie, crush the kulaks, and then proceeds to do it.

A new dictator has arisen who is not honest. I did not believe this until I visited Germany during the summer. Of course, I knew that Hitler was ruining the Jews and smashing liberalism, pacifism, and socialism, but I thought that within the framework of that program he was straightforward and sincere. Instead, I learned that he and his Nazi government are not honorable or trustworthy. I shall present here the evidence which led me to this conclusion.

I found it first in Hitler's instructions to his followers before he assumed the dictatorship. In the original edition of "Mein Kampf," he tells them quite plainly that in order to achieve power they are justified in deceiving the German people and employing every form of violence. They took him at his word and over a period of ten years let loose a stream of chicanery, intimidation, and political murder which has no parallel in modern history. This program, initiated and encouraged by the Nazi leaders, culminated in the burning of the Reichstag. The imprisonment of the accused Communists throws an interesting sidelight on Nazi ethics. For six months the government officially denied that Ernst Torgler and the other Communists were held in chains. Then on September 25, in the crowded Leipzig courtroom, Torgler said, "For five months I have been chained night and day."

It is on the Jewish question that the Hitler Government has displayed its worst duplicity. It has repeatedly denied that Jews are beaten or killed and that Jewish business establishments are being boycotted or confiscated, and has attempted to wash its hands of any guilt for such unpleasant incidents as occurred in the early days of the Nazi revolution. What are the facts? The Nazi leaders are morally responsible for whatever violence their followers have committed against Jews. This is abundantly clear from such threats as these, which they publicly uttered in the period immediately preceding their seizure of the supreme power:

Hitler: "If, at the beginning of and during the war, twelve or fifteen thousand of these Hebrew corrupters of the people had been held under poison gas, then the sacrifice of millions at the front would not have been in vain." ("Mein Kampf.") "When we come into power, Jewish, Social Democrat, and Communist heads will roll in the dust." (Leipzig trial, September, 1930.)

Rosenberg: "On every telegraph pole from Munich to Berlin, the head of a prominent Jew must be stuck." ("The Myth of the Twentieth Century.")

Der Angriff: "We need only act brutally enough. It will be necessary only for us to seize a few thousand Jews and make an example of them. When the first twenty are hanged, then the others of this great family will not want to see their brothers dangling." (November 16, 1931.)

Nazi Party Instruction: "The natural hostility of the peasant toward the Jews must be whipped into a frenzy." (Munich, March 15, 1931.)

If to these preelection promises be added Minister of Police Göring's first official statement on the subject after the Nazis seized power, "I shall employ the police and without mercy wherever German people are hurt, but I refuse to turn the police into a guard for Jews," can one wonder that an orgy of murder and pillage followed the Nazis' rise to power? After having given this incitement to violence as well as permission to carry it out, how thoroughly dishonorable is the government's statement that it threw the Jews into concentration camps only to protect them from the wrath of the populace. I talked with hundreds of Jews during my visit to Germany last summer. Not one of them could tell me of a single instance of spontaneous mass uprising against them. On each occasion the violence was committed by organized bands of Nazis, usually acting under orders. How much cleaner the Hitler Government would be if it said, "We promised to destroy the Jews, and we are doing it." Instead, it issues denials, punishes Jews for spreading atrocity stories, expels honest correspondents, and continues to encourage the very violence and confiscation it is denying.

Let me supply this evidence from my own observations in Germany during the month of August. I have deliberately selected these illustrations because, since they occurred

in August, they are an effective answer to the official lie that such things were sporadic incidents in the early days of the revolution but have been completely eliminated since the government has the situation under control. The fact is that murder, beating, boycotting, confiscating go on as before. Only the technique is different. The Nazis have learned, apparently to their surprise, that the extermination of a minority is not strictly a domestic problem but arouses the outraged conscience of mankind. Therefore they have summoned all their trickery and effrontery to continue to crush the Jews and at the same time to pacify world opinion. The same things happen as before, but they are no longer evident on the surface. Jews are no longer murdered in their homes or beaten on the streets. Instead, some charge is trumped up against them, and they are carried off to concentration camps, where the Nazi storm troopers may not only punish them at will, but create the excuses for doing so.

One of the saddest hours of my life was spent with an elderly Jewish mother in Munich. Just the week before I saw her, her son had been sent back from a concentration camp. He had been arrested for having been a Social Democrat, a pacifist, and a Jew. He was detained for several weeks, and then one day was returned—in a coffin. The official notice read, "Shot while attempting to escape." The plain wooden box was carefully sealed, and on it was written that it had been sealed for sanitary reasons, and if anyone opened it, he would be severely punished. The threat of Nazi punishment would be enough to deter any Jew in Germany, but not a frantic mother, to whom life was no longer worth living anyway. She did open the casket and found marks on her son's throat showing that he had been choked to death. That was how he had been "shot while attempting to escape."

While I was in Berlin, a young friend of mine was released from prison. In the spring he had become attracted to a Christian girl, and she had fallen in love with him. Her father tried to break up the affair, but her devotion to my friend was so strong that she refused to listen. Then the father reported the matter to the storm troops. They arrested the Jewish youth, carried him off to a concentration camp, kept him there for six weeks under indescribable conditions, and then let him go, but not without administering a final beating. And what a beating! I saw his body a few days after. It was like raw, lacerated meat. He will probably never regain his health. And remember that his only crime was his attachment to a Christian girl.

One night there was a children's memorial meeting for Dr. Chaim Arlosorov, Zionist leader, who had been killed in Palestine. As the youngsters left the auditorium they were arrested by a large band of storm troopers. Then these boys and girls between the ages of ten and fifteen, who of course had committed no crime of any kind, were thrown into jail and kept over night in cells with common criminals.

Such illustrations of actual violence could be multiplied by the hundred, perhaps by the thousand; and still the government denies that violence occurs. The only qualifying statement which a fair observer can make is that not all Jews have experienced violence. Perhaps 75 per cent of them have yet to be attacked by the Nazis. But the punishment of the other 25 per cent has been so terrible that the observer is forced to conclude that the Brown Shirts take a sadistic pleasure in inflicting pain, and that every German Jew must be uncertain when he goes to sleep at night whether he will awake unhurt in his own bed in the morning.

The Hitler Government has repeatedly denied that it confiscates Jewish business establishments. It is probably true that there is no longer direct confiscation, but the equivalent of confiscation goes on every day. A Jew I have known for many years owned a small department store. Like most business men he owed money to the bank. The government, which now controls the banks, uses them as the instrument to force Jews out of business. It used this procedure in this case, and in return for the owner's equity in the firm gave him a few marks, not even 1 per cent of its value.

Sometimes confiscation takes other forms. The leading pharmaceutical supply house in Germany has been owned by a prominent Jewish family for almost a century. It was considered, I am told, the finest institution of its kind in the world. Its reputation in every respect was blameless. When the Nazis came into power they ordered all the hospitals, clinics, and doctors to cease buying from this firm—with the inevitable result. During the summer these Jews were forced out of business without a penny.

Another Jew owned two moving-picture houses in Berlin. The Nazi Government forbade him to import foreign films and also, because he was not an Aryan, refused to let him have any German films. He too was ruined.

The German government has frequently reminded the foreign press that the boycott of April 1 has not been officially renewed. An effective boycott, however, is being carried on every day. In the small towns I have seen Nazi storm troopers standing at the entrance of Jewish shops, holding in their hands not guns but cameras. Any Gentile who dares to cross the threshold of those shops is photographed, and then his picture is displayed on the front page of the newspapers and on the motion-picture screens. Of course, no Gentile enters these shops. Until recently some of them, out of friendship or sympathy for the Jews, would find other ways of making purchases from them. One merchant told me that one of his loyal friends telephoned: "I have just passed your shop and I saw a tie in the window that I would like to buy, the blue one with white polka dots. Please put it in my post-office box and I will put the money in yours." But even that became dangerous, and most persons have stopped purchasing from Jews altogether. In the large cities, where it is not so easy for the Nazis to control the population, a campaign against buying from Jews is constantly being waged in the radio, the press, and the cinema. Just to be sure that the public knows which shops are Jewish, the government, after careful examination, issues to non-Jewish firms large placards stating that theirs is a German business. Even Woolworth's proudly displays such a sign.

It is true that a few Jewish lawyers and doctors are permitted to continue to practice. But by a new decree issued on August 8, Gentiles may no longer be represented in court by Jews. On the other hand, the Jew who must go to court knows that he has no chance whatever for justice if he is represented by one of his coreligionists, and is practically compelled to engage a Nazi lawyer. As to the doctors, I have before me the translation of a letter written by the A. E. G. (the German General Electric Company) to one of its employees who was ill. Although a Gentile, he had continued to employ the same Jewish doctor who had successfully treated him in the past. The letter, which I saw in

Berlin, read, "We expect you to employ an Aryan physician. Otherwise, we cannot guarantee the payment of the benefits."

A young woman whom I engaged to do some secretarial work in Berlin showed me the letter she had received during the summer from the Jewish firm where she had been employed for many years. She was one of those secretaries with whom it is a joy to work. Although a native German, she could take English dictation as swiftly and accurately as the most capable American stenographer. The letter she received read, "We are no longer able to employ you under the known circumstances." The "known circumstances" were that a Nazi manager had been superimposed on the concern by the government. His first act was to order the dismissal of all Jews from its employ. The Jewish owner might have resisted the order, but he knew he was helpless. Besides, he hoped that if he complied with all official regulations he might be permitted to retain some interest in the business. But before I left Berlin in late August, he too had been forced out.

The record of Nazi duplicity is not complete without reference to the Jewish denials of atrocities. In some cases I learned that these were prompted by Jewish self-interest. Many Jewish leaders felt it would be in the best interest of the Jewish community to minimize their own suffering and to avoid the impression of conspiring against Germany. In some other cases, however, Jews honestly denied not the real crimes perpetrated against them, but the atrocities which the lying Nazi newspapers reported as appearing in the foreign press, a horrible distortion which the Jews could honestly deny. The manner in which most of the denials were "volunteered" becomes quite clear from the experience of one of the finest Jews I know in Germany, the chief rabbi of a certain city. He was dragged from his bed in the early hours of the morning by an armed band of Nazis, who took him to the outskirts of the city and stood him against a wall. Then, with a dozen rifles pointed at his head, they handed him a prepared statement to sign. He read in it not only a denial of the atrocities but also an admission that he personally was responsible for spreading false reports of them. He is a brave man, this friend of mine, having served four years at the front, and he refused to sign these lies. There was a hurried consultation in which some cooler head probably pointed out the possible repercussion from killing so prominent a Jew. They finally set him free, but not before giving him a terrible beating. I wondered, as I heard him tell his story, how many other Jews would have had courage and strength under similar circumstances to refuse to sign denials of atrocities which at that moment were being committed against them.

"Slum Clearance" or "Housing"

By CATHERINE BAUER

WHAT is the difference between "slum clearance" and "housing"? Many people seem to feel that if the terms are not actually synonymous, then the former is infinitely the noblest, most constructive, and most pressing branch of the latter. Last year, when Mr. McKee indignantly vetoed a Bronx housing project which had been approved by the R. F. C., on the ground that it did not involve clearing any slums, people of the most varied political persuasions considered the decision both sensible and honest. And recently the Division of Housing of the Public Works Administration in Washington, which had started out with a positive program of low-cost housing on cheap land, has swung around until its entire emphasis is now on slum clearance.

On the surface this is fairly understandable. Slums are unpleasant. They breed dirt, crime, disease, and economic blight. Obviously, therefore, clearing slums is a desirable activity. If a housing project can at the same time renovate a few dejected areas, so much the better all around.

But in reality it is not quite so simple, and before anyone really decides in favor of "slum clearance" he should know very clearly what he wants and what he stands to get out of it. There are a great many different interests involved: those of the people who need decent housing, those of the government or, shall we say, the taxpayers, those of the real-estate business in general, and those of the owners of slum property. Perhaps we might add another class to include those of the author of this piece and presumably many *Nation* readers—the interests of those who are wondering if any of the activity in Washington can be turned to positive account.

Now the only one of these groups which stands to gain anything by an exclusively slum-clearance movement at the present time is the real-estate business, and particularly that branch of it represented by the owners of slum properties and the banks and insurance companies which hold them in mortgage or foreclosure. These interests stand to gain a great deal. For what is the actual procedure? Slum clearance involves the acquisition, ordinarily difficult, of large unified parcels of real estate in central congested areas—land and buildings which, however unreasonably, are still held to represent a heavy capital value by the financial interests involved. Expropriation proceedings through some government agency might possibly speed up the acquisition somewhat, but under the present system it would probably make the process even more expensive.

The cost of land is the most important factor in determining the quality of new housing. In New York City it is so important that if the government were to buy up the cheapest conceivable slum area at present prices, and were to erect very mediocre housing on this land—four- or five-story flats with a high density and inadequate recreation space—and if further it were to write off (as proposed) one-third of the cost of the buildings by a direct grant, the rentals would still be considerably higher than those for a really good project on undeveloped land, at half the coverage or less, and with no subsidy.

Moreover, one can make no sentimental rationalization of this greater cost by saying that the slum clearance will involve rehousing on the site of their former homes of people who may not want to move away. For no such set-up will actually rehouse any of the people now living in slums: they will be totally unable to afford the rents. (In London, where

occasional attempts have been made to rehouse the identical people on a slum area, the outright grant has usually amounted to at least 50 per cent of the total cost, and even then the houses are too expensive.) The dispossessed tenants will be forced to move into some neighboring run-down district and crowd it more thickly than it was before.

Land values, even in the present scheme of things, are to a certain extent the result of demand. And what is the future demand likely to be in these areas? Our cities are very unlikely to grow much larger. Yet all central districts, even those where "values" have been halved in the past five years, are still grossly weighted by expectation of skyscrapers or some other form of expensive congestion. It is highly probable that most of our present slum districts will never be in actual demand for any use other than low-cost housing, and eventually their market price must sink accordingly. It would therefore be of great advantage to the present speculative holders of such property, who are beginning to smell this situation, if they could unload the stuff on the government at current prices.

There is just one basis on which official slum clearance in this democracy would be rational at all, as far as the general public interest is concerned, and that is the expropriation of slum properties on the basis of their *use-value* to good-standard, low-cost housing, and not at any fancy "market" price. But even if this were possible, I am not sure that it would be the best present attack. In the first place, an absolute essential for good modern housing is "free" planning, and in most slum areas the street and block layouts are, to all present practical purpose, frozen beyond hope of reclamation. But there is another objection. Who knows—if we let the slums rot a while longer, and build decent places for their tenants to live in elsewhere, perhaps we may yet be able to plow them under, plant trees over them, and let a little air and light into Megalopolis.

There is nothing new or startling in all this. It has been thrashed out a thousand times in all the European countries which have done housing since the war. And I can assert, after considerable delving into the complicated history of housing politics, that whenever "slum clearance" becomes an end in itself, you will find that there is a reactionary government in power. It is true right now in England. When the Tories came back in, one of the first things they did was to raise a great hue and cry about the slums. The astonishingly productive movement which since the war had been providing large numbers of cheap cottages in outlying districts—some of them even planned with adjacent new industrial areas—was brought to a stop, "in order to concentrate on the problem of slum clearance." And why? Surely part of the reason is that the slums are getting less profitable, and that their often aristocratic owners would like to dispose of them to the government, or at least to uphold congestion real-estate values.

The English public, however, out of long experience is somewhat more sophisticated in these matters than Americans are. The attitude of all tints of Labor is well exemplified by a remark I overheard in an official housing conference in the London County Hall. The speaker was a clergyman and a town councilor from one of the dreary lower-middle-class suburbs, and he said, "You can tell by the way my collar is fastened, that I'm an authority on hypocrisy." Slum clearance, even where it involves an attempt at housing at the same time, is at best under any present scheme of things a reactionary measure designed to patch up for a while longer the rickety financial structure of our cities. At worst it is sheer graft.

But what about housing in general? Can the present government in Washington, granting that it is well-intentioned, will face the issues clearly, and will manage to sidestep the pressure of special interests, really do anything toward realizing the possibilities of modern housing? I am not sure that it can. The problem goes so deep into the social and economic structure of the nation that a really fundamental and constructive housing movement—that is, one which makes use of known techniques and existing planning sciences to their best human advantage—would have to include such matters as redistributing incomes, relocating industry as well as residence, puncturing land "values," and giving the final blow to our tottering municipal financial structure, to say nothing of the capital structure of the country as a whole. It does not betray undue pessimism to feel that such activities are not to be expected at present.

But still, the history of the late Social-Democratic and Labor governments in Europe must lead one to believe that one of the few positive and constructive things that such governments can accomplish is valid experiment in this very field of housing and land planning. True, the houses did not always go to the people who needed them the most. There were compromises all along the line. But the emphasis was never on "slum clearance," and there were on the whole surprisingly few compromises in vital standards—standards of light, air, convenience, sanitation, community layout, even architectural form. Today quite a large proportion of workers and lower-middle-class families in Germany, England, Holland, and Austria are living in modern dwellings which are far better than were the homes of even the richest people in the nineteenth century. The net result is that a new standard of demand has been set up, new possibilities have been tried and proved, new forms and techniques developed. And from now on anything which does not come up to that standard will at least have to fight the psychological effect of ten years of very concrete education. It will be a long time before even Nazi Germany will be able to erect a typical 1880 Berlin tenement and rent it at a profit.

Very soon in America there will be an acute shortage in all the lower-rental types of dwelling. In many cities there are hardly as many empties as there are families abnormally doubled up. The old speculative building industry is still flat on its back, as a natural result of its own excesses and stupidities. A fine clamorous shortage is its one hope, and that is another reason why it advocates "slum rehabilitation" and fights positive action. The most important thing that the government can do—also, curiously enough, the most direct and the quickest and the cheapest—is to demonstrate and set up an entirely new standard in low-cost dwellings. A mere handful of examples of good, modern planned housing would be more effective than any number of slum areas replaced at terrific expense by near or "reform" slums. They might determine the standard of demand for a generation. They might even give incipient radicals a more concrete idea of what they are fighting for.

If we are going through our own experiment in social democracy—or even if we are not—let us at least use it to make clearer to ourselves what we really do want.

Amend Section 7-a!

By HERBERT RABINOWITZ

ONE dominant question underlies political discussion today: Is the New Deal, despite the worthy intentions of President Roosevelt, the highroad to fascism, or is it the embryonic realization of Wilson's grandiloquent but empty New Freedom? Does it hold a promise of real industrial liberty, or is it, as the Communists and other radicals would maintain, the first step in the process of enslaving labor?

The usual answer to such misguided doubts is a reference to Section 7-a of the National Industrial Recovery Act, which specifically guarantees to employees the right to organize and to bargain collectively through representatives of their own choosing. How can skepticism survive such ocular demonstration of the beneficent purposes of the NRA? Indeed, it is this very section which has produced the finest flowers of contemporary tory frenzy at the NRA as a surrender by government to the forces of organized labor, and has been correspondingly hailed by President Green and labor leaders generally as a "new charter of economic freedom."

Perhaps, on the whole, it is not entirely safe to rely too heavily upon either tory fears or labor enthusiasms. This would not be the first time that American labor has prematurely celebrated what it mistakenly believed to be the dawn of a more glorious day. Twenty years ago, when Congress passed the labor provisions of the Clayton Act, Samuel Gompers hailed it in language not essentially different from that now used by William Green, and with even more exaltation. Yet, as we all know, the net result of these famous provisions, as finally interpreted six years later by the Supreme Court, was precisely nothing.

Today as in 1914 there is every indication that the precious new grant is destined in due time to be explained, interpreted, circumvented, and nullified out of existence. The whole drift of events is, for friends of labor, unpleasantly reminiscent. Just as counsel for the Anti-Boycott Association hastened to declare in 1914 that the Clayton Act made few changes in the law, and those of but slight importance, so today counsel for the employers assert categorically of the Recovery Act that it "sets up no right that labor has not heretofore enjoyed." Just as the New York *Times,* in 1914, commenting on Gompers's claims of victory and contrasting these claims with those of the employers, remarked that "the mystery will hardly be solved short of a decision of the Supreme Court several years hence," so today the papers speak of the "somewhat blind" language of Section 7-a that needs "clarification." Just as labor then thought it had won the fight against the use of injunctions in labor disputes, only to discover that it had not in the eyes of the law advanced a single step, so today labor celebrates the overthrow of the hated company union, only to be met with the claim that "the law draws no distinction between the company union and any other union."

All this, however, does not begin to tell the story. For although he abjures the use of the term, General Johnson has in effect approved the view that the indispensable weapon of the "closed shop"—fundamental to the progress of labor and to the reality of the right of collective bargaining—is, *per se,* a violation of the law. Nor is this attitude toward the closed shop the whole of the NRA's threat to labor. For even the right to strike, labor's last line of defense, is gravely menaced. In terms too plain to be misunderstood, General Johnson has declared that "the plain, stark truth is that you cannot tolerate the strike"; and that if labor does countenance this "economic sabotage," it will be destroyed. Further, the strike is not only intolerable but unnecessary, since, according to the General's up-to-date version of the "iron law of wages," "labor . . . will get in these codes the maximum of what the particular economic situation permits, and no amount of militant pressure can change that result." In a word, Section 7-a, as officially interpreted, aims to confer upon labor the privilege to organize and to bargain collectively, but denies every effective use of this privilege. Far from enlarging labor's most essential rights, the New Deal actually endangers them.

These destructive interpretations, moreover, are no accidental or haphazard ones, but the product of a clear and well-integrated philosophy. Under the new dispensation, as envisaged by General Johnson, unions are to survive not as militant organizations of workers, as in the past, but merely as the necessary machinery to insure that the arrangements entered into by labor leaders under central, government-dominated auspices will be observed by the millions of the rank and file. This, the General outspokenly declares, is the "new function of labor organizations"; speaking before the assembled leaders of labor he frankly confessed, "We cannot stand another vast collapse. You are the principal prop against collapse."

It is not difficult to see in these developments the foreshadowing of an attempt to bring about universal compulsory arbitration, for which machinery is already being evolved. Labor is to be fed—and tamed. It is to be given a comfortable cage, but its claws are to be clipped and its teeth filed. True, the strike has not been officially outlawed as yet, but the whole logic of General Johnson's argument leads inevitably to that conclusion.

But what of the solemn declarations of Section 7-a? Surely, you will say, the Supreme Court cannot permit these plain guaranties to labor of rights long struggled for and slowly and painfully achieved to be thus subverted. The Clayton Act was notoriously and shockingly ambiguous in its labor provisions, whereas President Roosevelt himself is represented as having declared, when adopting the coal code, that Section 7-a was couched in English so plain and clear that it required no interpretation, and as refusing on that ground to permit explanatory additions.

Alas! such hopes are doomed to disappointment. Disagreeable as it may be for liberals, the fact must be faced that Section 7-a simply will not stand the test of unsympathetic legalistic attack. It does, it is true, very clearly bar the compulsory company union and the "yellow dog" contract; but its basic provision, to which so many hopes are

pinned, that "employees shall have the right to organize and to bargain collectively through representatives of their own choosing," leaves much to be desired. So far as President Roosevelt is concerned, one must bear in mind that he was striving anxiously to avoid any action that might possibly be construed as favoring either side, that he is a very good lawyer indeed, and that, as every lawyer knows, it is safer to quote than to paraphrase. The fact remains that Section 7-a, despite its supposed immunity from misunderstanding, does not anywhere define the scope or implications of that "right to bargain collectively" which it so roundly guarantees, nor does it tell precisely who are the "employees" who have the right, or just what is meant by "representatives of their own choosing." All kinds of possibilities lurk in these undefined phrases. Does the right to bargain collectively, for instance, imply, as a necessary incident, the right to strike, which is the substance of labor's bargaining power? Nothing in the words of the act supports or requires such an interpretation—let alone the legality of the sympathetic strike or the secondary boycott.

Does the act, when it says that "employees" may bargain collectively, mean that all the employees in a whole industry may bargain as a unit? Or only the employees in a restricted locality, or, still more narrowly, only the employees of a given company or a given plant or mine? The act does not say. The Supreme Court, however, in *Duplex* v. *Deering,* has already held that the words "employers" and "employees"—at least, as used in the Clayton Act—did not mean employees throughout an industry, but only those immediately concerned. "Congress," said the court, "had in mind particular individual controversies, not a general class war." Confronted by superficially similar language in the present act, is it altogether unlikely that the court will give these terms a similar individualistic and restrictive interpretation favorable to the advocates of "company unions"?

Again, Section 7-a says employees may bargain through "representatives of their own choosing." Does this mean that the representatives chosen by the majority can speak for and bind the whole group? Or does it preserve the right of minorities and individuals to bargain separately? And does it, as General Johnson argues, therefore exclude the possibility of a closed-shop agreement, because such an agreement necessarily infringes on the right of individuals who may not wish to be represented by the union to select representatives of their own or to bargain individually? The language is far from clear; and it must be conceded that there is nothing in the wording of Section 7-a that imperatively and unmistakably requires a different interpretation.

Of course there is another side to the picture. A court that was sympathetic to labor would have no difficulty at all in reaching the conclusion that Section 7-a was intended to confer upon employees, not individually but as a group, organized, if they so desired, as widely as their employers, the right to select duly designated representatives; that these representatives might bargain for a closed shop; and that the minority, like all minorities in representative institutions, would have to acquiesce in the group action. As respects the closed shop, moreover, there is the fact that Section 7-a itself expressly forbids making "membership in a *company* union" a condition of employment, but does *not* contain any such express prohibition as to membership in a non-company union. Indeed, a provision applicable to all labor organizations was expressly cut out of the act in its original form, and the restriction to "company" unions alone substituted. These striking considerations would seem to imply, in accordance with well-settled and elementary canons of construction, that there was no statutory objection to an agreement making membership in a *non*-company union a condition of employment—that is, to a closed union-shop agreement.

But this is, after all, a mere technical hurdle. There is no reason whatever to believe that the Supreme Court will prove more liberal than General Johnson, who speaks not only as National Recovery Administrator and as a lawyer, but with all the authority of one of the framers of the act. On the contrary, with so much real ambiguity in Section 7-a, and with such powerful evidence of the intent of some, at least, of its framers, it needs no soothsayer to predict that the Supreme Court will not reverse the entire trend of its labor decisions and outdo the Administration itself in radicalism. And it is the Supreme Court, in the last analysis, sitting at a day far removed from present turmoil and unbound by anything President Roosevelt may personally desire or declare or any provision that the various codes may embody or omit, that will be the arena for ultimate decision. Nor is the court's freedom of action in this field in the least impeded by those overwhelming political and economic necessities which press so powerfully upon it to sustain the constitutionality of the act as a whole.

Is the battle, then, already lost? Need we resign ourselves to the traditional weary ritual of futile controversy, followed in the fulness of time by the inevitable adverse decision, with only the inevitably powerful and cogent dissenting opinions as consolation? By no means. Surely we ought not to despair so easily of the New Deal, or tamely surrender its very effective machinery to the enemy. If nothing can be done about the issue of constitutionality save the offering of prayer, there is a great deal that can and must be done about Section 7-a. There is absolutely no reason that this vital and crucial issue should be delivered up to the legal casuistry, the prejudices, and the economic limitations of lawyers and judges, indulging in the unsanctified mysteries of statutory "interpretation," or even to the fortuitous wording of Section 7-a itself. There is nothing holy about that wording; Congress, which reassembles in January, enacted it and Congress may amend it, and by a few words set the whole problem at rest. What is needed most of all is an express, copper-riveted, lawyer-proof and court-proof declaration (assuming such were possible) explicitly defining and conferring upon labor the right to enter into closed-shop agreements, and explicitly guarding against the threatened attack upon the right to strike, including the right to strike for the purpose of securing a closed shop—a real Magna Charta for labor, and no mere rhetorical substitute.

The writer does not mean to suggest that labor has not, so far, gained greatly under the NRA, nor that there are not brilliant potentialities for further gain. But so far it is all fool's gold, apt to vanish in the cold gray morning. Its durability is contingent upon further achievement, and not least upon the achievement of a firm legal position.

Here is a job for Congress, and it is one which, in the long run, no other work that confronts the next session exceeds in importance. It is one that will have to be undertaken even if other features of the Recovery Act are scrapped by Congress, or, contrary to general expectation, held uncon-

stitutional by the Supreme Court, for Section 7-a and the problems it raises would in any event survive independently. Certainly such a move to amend Section 7-a will precipitate trouble and force a "show-down," but a show-down on labor policy is precisely what the situation demands. Only in this direct and straightforward manner can the danger of exploitation of the Recovery Act in a manner destructive of the interests and aims it was intended to foster be safely avoided.

In the Driftway

TWO aspects of the passing of prohibition interest the Drifter. One is that prohibition had to die to win. Not only did nothing in its life so become it as its death, but its one solid, substantial success came at the moment of its dissolution. In New York City, at least, and the Drifter surmises elsewhere, the only considerable drought in the life of the Noble Experiment occurred as its spirit was passing away on the night air of December 5 and during the obsequies which occupied the next few days. According to general testimony, liquor was never so hard to get in fourteen years as in the interregnum between the folding up of the speakeasies and the time when legal dealers were able to acquire licenses and obtain adequate stocks. It was one of those ironies which keep life from becoming dull because of its expectedness—comparable to that awful moment after the armistice of 1918 when our war profiteers went around mumbling one to another, "Peace is hell."

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THE other aspect of the end of prohibition with which the Drifter is impressed is the way in which the bootlegger was allowed to pass from the scene unhonored and unsung. Republics are notoriously ungrateful, but never has ours been more indifferent than toward its bootleggers. The men who through the heat and burden of fourteen years assuaged our thirst and revived our cheer were abandoned without a remembrance or a reward. It was reported even that the bootlegger of the State House at Annapolis, Maryland, was told he was through eight hours before prohibition ended. A policeman was sent to him with a curt notice to quit. There were no engrossed resolutions of thanks from thirsty legislators; no committee waited on him with a gift of a gold-headed cane or a diamond-studded watch; nobody even gave him the address of the nearest employment office or relief agency.

* * * * *

OF course the Drifter realizes that there were some difficulties in the way of publicly honoring the men who did so much to keep the Dry Decade from becoming arid. It is understandable that President Roosevelt could not invite them all to spend a week-end at the White House. Mere numbers would have made such a gesture impracticable even had public policy permitted it. It is possible also that it was not advisable for chambers of commerce in our leading cities to arrange large public dinners as testimonials to their local bootleggers as these worthies retired from office. Some of the leading men of the profession might have preferred not to sit in the glare of the speakeasy speakers' table. Yet the Drifter feels that Something Should Be Done, even if anonymously, to commemorate the services of a group which did its bit in time of need. He proposes, therefore, a public subscription to erect in Washington a monument as large, expensive, and ugly as any other that shall be dedicated to the memory of the Unknown Bootlegger.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Is This the Voice of the South?

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I wish to address you publicly on a matter which immediately concerns many thousands of peaceable citizens living today under the flag of the United States; and I do so because, though I am aware of your affiliations with various radical groups, I believe you to be honest and fair-minded enough to wish to hear both sides of a debatable issue. I believe this because last spring, when the British engineers were on trial in Moscow, you urged on their behalf a fair trial. It is because of another trial and its possible consequences among our people, that I wish now to speak.

The Scottsboro case, as I now write, seems likely to go against all the defendants. Whether the matter will then be carried into the Supreme Court, I do not know. But I can envisage your comments on the case even before I read them. You will equate the Scottsboro trial with that of Sacco and Vanzetti in Massachusetts as horrid examples of American class legislation, and then proceed to a blanket condemnation of the whole course of Southern justice. It is against this attitude that I, as a Southerner by birth and upbringing, wish to protest.

We in the South do not legislate against the Negro as a class. Whether he is a rich man or a poor field laborer, his status is the same. Unlike Massachusetts, which did Sacco and Vanzetti to death not because they were guilty (they were not) but because they had agitated for better conditions of life among the industrial proletariat, we do no Negro to death because of his political affiliations. But we are determined, whether rightly or wrongly, to treat him as a race largely dependent upon us, and inferior to ours. Unquestionably certain Negro intellectuals, such as James Weldon Johnson, suffer from such discrimination. For them, we have of recent years encouraged the building of great schools and universities. We believe that under our system the great majority of the race are leading happy and contented lives. But our system, we admit, has one defect. If a white woman is prepared to swear that a Negro either raped or attempted to rape her, we see to it that the Negro is executed.

It is this feature in our attitude which has moved you, along with other papers published in the North, to indignation. You are ready to assert over and over again that no justice is ever done to the Negro in the South. I would urge upon you to pause and reconsider this matter ere you pursue that course, which can only lead to a much worse situation. Suppose, for example, that the Supreme Court decided to destroy President Roosevelt's National Recovery Act by declaring it unconstitutional. You would be the first to protest, in the name of outraged public sentiment. Cannot you see that it is precisely the same public sentiment that is dictating the present policy of the South toward the Negro, and that if you, from the vantage-ground of the North, attempt violently to alter the public sentiment of the South, you will only stiffen Southern resistance?

Into the merits or demerits of the Scottsboro case, I have no desire to enter. Whether the defendants have been given,

or could have been given, a fair trial under the circumstances I do not know. But the conduct of Mr. Leibowitz, the attorney brought down from the North for the defense, has, it seems to me, now definitely turned the scales of justice against the defendants. They will, it appears now, be convicted and executed. You are entitled to say, if you like, that this seems to you an act of injustice. But justice is in itself an abstract matter, and as every great lawyer knows, has always to yield to the morals, the usages, the customs and conveniences of a living and functioning community.

That the South is such a community was proved this very summer. With the Scottsboro case still in doubt, the people of Tuscaloosa County turned out and lynched four other Negroes. Three of them were quite probably innocent, and in the case of the fourth there is considerable doubt. But the fact of the matter is that Mr. Leibowitz's conduct, as well as the taunts of the metropolitan press, have unstrung that section of the South which adjoins Scottsboro. We will not suffer further dictation from the North as to what we are to do about the Negro. All that we built up again out of the ruins of Civil War and of Reconstruction is again at stake. Rather than permit our own peculiar conceptions of justice to be questioned, we will take the law into our own hands, by a resort to violence.

If, therefore, you sincerely wish good to every citizen of America, black or white, I beg of you, before you and other Northern editors proceed to condemn the South en masse, to pause and reflect on our situation. By ranking the South alongside of Massachusetts, and still more, alongside of California, you are yourself supplying the ferment of irritation which has gone on now to a point where the patience of the South is rapidly breaking down. More; you are tacitly encouraging the official Communist propaganda which, as everyone knows, has gone on down here ever since the Russian Revolution. That propaganda counsels a new civil war between the white and the blacks. You are forgetting that the experience of post-war Chicago and other Northern places has shown that the people of the North are just as ready, the moment they see the Negro in large numbers, to adopt an even more hostile attitude than that of the people of the South. Further, you are demonstrating that you are unwilling or unable to see that the Negro is peculiarly not your, but our, problem. We in the South alone can find the solution to that problem. We will never accept any solution that comes to us from the North. Rather than that, we will again take up arms in our cause.

Therefore I ask you to pause and reflect before you proceed to fresh moral denunciation of Scottsboro. I believe that the Scottsboro defendants will now be executed. I believe that this decision, fair or unfair, has been forced on the people of Alabama by the way in which the defense in this case has been conducted. I believe that further trouble is to be expected down here between the blacks and the whites, unless the Northern States rapidly show more disposition to listen to the South's case, and to cease their interferences and interventions on behalf of the Negro. And I believe I am speaking on behalf not only of Alabama but of the overwhelming majority of the Southern people today.

Little Rock, Ark., December 5 JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

[The Editors of *The Nation* print Mr. Fletcher's letter under the above caption because they honestly would like to know how large a section of the South he represents. They are inclined to believe that these opinions are the opinions of a South that is happily changing. They believe no less than they hope that a new South with a more recognizable kind of justice for the Negro is arising. If this is not true, they are willing to admit error but not to change their own convictions.

Taking Mr. Fletcher's letter seriatim, they wish to say first that they take the most rigorous exception to the conduct of the Scottsboro case in Alabama, not because they are primarily interested in class justice or injustice, but because it is an example of egregious particular injustice. They believe that the nine Negro youths accused of the rape of Victoria Price are not guilty. They believe that if even they were guilty, they did not have a fair trial. And they believe that these Negroes should not be sent to the electric chair for a crime they did not commit.

They find unendurable the Southern position, as stated by Mr. Fletcher, that the Negro must be treated "as a race largely dependent upon us, and inferior to ours." From considerable knowledge of the economic, political, and social status of the Negro both in the North and in the South, they do not agree that "the great majority of the race are leading happy and contented lives." And they would say that Mr. Fletcher's description of one aspect of the Southern "system" as a "defect" is almost laughable understatement. They refer to the sentence: "If a white woman is prepared to swear that a Negro either raped or attempted to rape her, we see to it that the Negro is executed." Since Mr. Fletcher does not indicate that anything beyond an allegation is necessary, this seems to the Editors of *The Nation* not only shockingly irresponsible but downright unlawful.

The Editors of *The Nation* would not be ready to assert that "no justice is ever done to the Negro in the South." This brings them to Mr. Fletcher's contention that it is not only idle but dangerous for the North to attempt to change the attitude of the South with respect to the Negro. They assert that Southern opinion and the Southern attitude on this question in the last twenty-five years have changed very much, and a good portion of this change is due to the pressure of indignation and moral censure brought upon the South by other parts of the country. The decline in the number of lynchings, they believe, is largely attributable to this cause. And the marked increase, in the Southern States themselves, of the same sort of indignation and censure is a direct reflection of opinion in the country at large. The better element in the South, the educated, intelligent, law-abiding majority, the press, the church, State officers, even Southern White Womanhood are now found on the side of simple justice for the Negro. Mr. Fletcher is hereby referred to a number of statements made by groups of Southern women in several States, for example, the Georgia Association of Women for the Prevention of Lynching, a group of leading women in North Carolina, and a protest meeting which took place in November, 1930, under the auspices of the Committee on International Cooperation, at which women from eight Southern States were present. At this meeting a resolution was adopted which expressed the feeling of all these bodies. It said in part: "We are profoundly convinced that lynching is not a defense of womanhood or of anything else, but rather a menace to private and public safety and a blow to our most sacred institutions. Instead of deterring irresponsible and criminal classes from further crime, as is argued, lynching tends inevitably to destroy all respect for law and order. It represents the complete breakdown of government and the triumph of anarchy."

Mr. Fletcher states that he has no desire to "enter into the merits or demerits of the Scottsboro case." That "whether the defendants have been given, or could have been given, a fair trial under the circumstances," he does not know. This is so astonishing a statement, when Mr. Fletcher is reproaching *The Nation* for its attitude on the case, that the Editors find themselves unable to answer it. They can only reply by stating that they have such a desire.

Finally, Mr. Fletcher adduces the example of the recent lynchings in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, to show what happens in the South when attempts are made by people of the North to interfere in what the South considers its own business. Let us

say first that lynchings occurred in the South many, many years before the International Labor Defense first injected itself into the South's affairs. And with particular reference to the Tuscaloosa matter, an attempt was made forcibly to remove the Negroes from the jail in which they were being held a month before the appearance of the International Labor Defense in the case, and Circuit Judge Henry B. Foster charged the grand jury to discover and indict the leaders of this first would-be lynching mob. *The Nation* believes, with the Southern Commission on the Study of Lynching, which has just reported on the Tuscaloosa cases, that "the Negroes were lynched when it became apparent that the courts . . . might not impose the immediate death sentences which the community demanded. . . . With the Negroes out of the way, the entire blame for the whole situation was heaped upon the 'outsiders,' a convenient scapegoat. The I. L. D. complicated rather than created the racial situation which culminated in the lynchings."

The Editors do not expect to convince Mr. Fletcher by any of these arguments. But they have gone into the subject at this length for two reasons. First because Mr. Fletcher is himself one of the intelligent, educated Southerners who might be expected to express himself differently, the more because he has lived for many years in a country where the "Negro problem" does not arise. And second because they wish to make clear to Mr. Fletcher and all who think like him what is *The Nation's* point of view in this matter and to assure him that even if responsible Southerners were not coming more and more to agree with *The Nation's* attitude on Southern injustice to the Negro, *The Nation* would still champion this position with as much strength and eloquence as it could command. The Editors find themselves opposed to injustice not only in the case of two Italian anarchists whom they believe innocent of the crime for which they died, but in the case of the members of a race who for more than a century were enslaved, and who have, since they were granted their freedom, had small opportunity to escape from an equivalent slavery.]

Justice to Germany?

[From time to time *The Nation* receives letters similar to those of which excerpts are printed below. It will be seen that some of them are good-tempered and some call names. Some indicate an honest effort to find out the truth, some are biased in advance. *The Nation* does not believe it has done any serious injustice to the Nazi regime: the burning of the books and the elimination of Jews from positions of intellectual importance, neither of which are denied by the German National Socialist Government, would be indications enough, if other evidence were wanting, of a wholly intemperate and unjustified attitude toward another race. Nevertheless, it is perhaps only fair to our readers to make it clear that other opinions are held by some of them.—Editors The Nation.]

To the Editors of The Nation:

I write as an Englishman who also spent last summer traveling in Germany, having entered the country without any prejudices for or against Hitlerism. I personally found nothing against which I could complain, in the form of Jewish persecution. I was free to do as I liked in Heidelberg. Nor was I affected by the "militarism" of the Reich, as long as I tried to consider myself a German living in Germany. If I remembered that my home was in a country bearing many resemblances to America, my nerves objected strongly to parades and flag-waving. But if the German is happy with his marches and his duels, what concern is it of the foreigner? The Germans, crushed by the inflation, cannot afford a war, and every individual I met was definitely anti-war. The expulsion of the Jews has itself temporarily crippled German finance.

That there were atrocities in Germany is undoubted, but what is not certain is the balance achieved by current reports and—more important—the impingement of those reports on contemporary human feeling. German individuals cannot give credence to the stories of the physical persecution because they individually are incapable of committing such actions. Then why insult these single persons—in insulting a nation you insult all its units—when they are personally not concerned, especially at a time when the country has been passing through a revolution?

Without in any way doubting the accuracy of various reports which have appeared in your pages, I wish to emphasize that it might be a big temptation to a suffering race, which knows it is morally supported by the rest of the world, to enlarge upon its troubles at such a time. This is not an attempted defense of Germany; it is an endeavor to find a little sanity. In a world in which national boundaries, for right or wrong, are recognized and established, what passes socially and politically within the limits of another country is nobody else's concern. If people wish to help Jews who have left Germany, if they wish to damage German commerce, that is their own affair. Germany may thereby learn her lesson and emerge from her revolutionary period rather more rapidly than she would otherwise. In the meantime there is no point in irritating her by mixing in matters which the outside world has no right to try to control.

Oxford, England, October 28 Robert W. Green

To the Editors of The Nation:

From one point of view I must take issue with *The Nation*—that is, in regard to its presentation of Nazi-ism in Germany. I am not quarreling with the side it takes, but if it is prompted by a sense of fair play and justice to all, should it not present information about the Hitler *Bewegung* that, if not favorable, is at least unbiased? Its insinuations that the new leaders are men without conscience—in short, cruel, inhumane, selfish, and even immoral, lacking one redeeming characteristic—I resent. I resent them because I have many friends in Germany whose judgment I respect and rely upon as conservative and mature. If they are infinitely happier and more optimistic than they have been since pre-war days, can we say to them without absurdity, "We are not going to have any further dealings with you, because we do not believe the government you have is good for you"? *The Nation* has admitted in its columns that Hitler's control is complete, that his authority is unquestioned. The majority of the German people are sufficiently rational beings to determine for themselves the kind of government and administrators they desire and to throw off the yoke if they are dissatisfied. Let them alone be the judges of their own destiny!

Swarthmore, Pa., November 16 David Lukens Price

To the Editors of The Nation:

The newspapers can dilate on the wrongs suffered by 600,000 people at the hands of a German political regime. I ask for an organ that will portray the wrongs done to 60,000,000 people by the entire world, a people on whom the present regime has been forced by the sheer desperateness of their economic and political situation, and who identify themselves with this regime only so far as it represents a *Vaterland* to them. The majority of them have no more responsibility for the political atrocities of the present regime than I have for President Roosevelt's signing of the navy bill last summer, but I was made to feel that, as an American citizen, I was partially responsible for it, and I shouldered the partial blame for this American atrocity with a deep sense of the injustice of identifying the human, cul-

tural aspects of our living, that transcend all boundaries of nationalism and form such a major part of our lives, with the superficial, political expedients that are so easily misunderstood and so false as an expression of my own will in the matter.

This letter, then, is a plea in behalf of the "forgotten man" of modern Germany, a man who needs our sympathies rather than our boycotts, a man who is not at all sure about his support of all the policies of this new regime, a man who is not to be bullied by the indiscriminate attacks of disgruntled correspondents against Germany, against his *Vaterland,* which means home and honor and sacrifice to him. Actually our hue and cry about "Teuton fury," if I may quote a phrase from your editorial column, has all come from a belief in Germany, a conviction that she deserves something better than the demagogy that has her by the throat. Our early protests against the ascendance of a regime have become transformed by repeated attacks and hazy distinctions into calumniations of a whole people, and we are witnessing again that phenomenon of hysteria and selective emphasis of facts by the press which breeds all the distrust that the last great world catastrophe should have entombed with its sorrows.

Cambridge, Mass., October 31 HILLIS KAISER

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I often wonder if *The Nation* is so violently anti-Hitler only because of the large number of its Jewish readers. I do not recall *The Nation* being quite so hostile to Mussolini, and certainly you have had nothing but praise for the Soviets. As far as the Jews are concerned, it seems to me that they are only interested if the race that is wronged is their own. There was no talk of an Italian boycott when Mussolini eradicated all opposition and persecuted the minorities. There is no united Jewish voice raised to better the conditions of the Negroes in our South, who are treated no better than it is claimed the Jews are treated under Hitler.

The present regime in Germany is but the outcome of the Versailles treaty and the post-war efforts of France to humiliate and subjugate Germany. Hitlerism is the voice of the German people rising as a protest against the injustice done to their Fatherland. If in this burst of nationalism wrongs are committed, can any nation come with unsoiled hands to accuse them? Countries like England may be tolerant at home, but what of their acts in their colonies?

I hope that the near future will bring about a moderation of much of the uncalled-for criticism and allow Germany a chance to work out her salvation as Italy was allowed to work out hers.

Baldwin, N. Y., October 11 ARTHUR G. WEDEKIND

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

From time to time I have read letters published by you containing harrowing details of experiences of Jews in Germany under the Hitler regime. A recent trip to the land of the Nazis, with an investigation of conditions while there, confirms my previously conceived idea that the several letters published by you were decidedly overdrawn, or at least not sufficiently illustrative of conditions generally obtaining to warrant their acceptance without reservations. My personal observations and experiences for a month ending August 24, 1933, during which time I traveled through northern Germany, visiting Hanover, Hildesheim, Braunschweig, Kassel, and Bremen, lead me to assert that your correspondents have grossly exaggerated the facts. Jewish stores, which I entered and observed from time to time, were apparently operating entirely freed from any visible signs of discrimination. That the recent boycott and the anti-Jewish tactics of the government have adversely affected Jewish business is without question a fact. Furthermore, a somewhat submerged but nevertheless effective anti-Jewish propaganda now prevalent is no doubt continuing to undermine the position of the Jew both in commercial and professional pursuits. It is most certainly deserving of mention, however, that many Germans deplore the boycott and the anti-Jewish crusade as an unnecessary and unwarranted method of correcting abuses of a commercial and public nature. The influence of this element, I feel, is already beginning to temper the character of anti-Jewish activity.

Indianapolis, September 19 HERMAN W. KOTHE

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I wish to call the attention of *The Nation* and its readers to the following fact: there is a propaganda campaign going on in this country which is poisoning the public's mind against Germany. There are a few significant angles to this campaign which are not noted in our newspapers or periodicals (even in *The Nation*). They are:

1. There is an unpleasant resemblance between the denunciations of Germans as "barbarians," et cetera, now and before the World War.

2. There is not a line printed in defense of the German government and its tactics, although the government is overwhelmingly supported by one of the most intelligent races on earth and is rapidly gaining friends in other countries.

3. We are told of strict censorship in Germany, yet have no lack of "authentic" terrorist stories.

4. Some of the things credited to Hitler are practically impossible and often absurd. For instance, in his public proclamation opening the Nazi party congress he is quoted as saying, "We have hypnotized the masses into the fanatical belief that they are the savior of the Fatherland."

5. In the next war Germany will probably fight with Japan, hence against the United States.

6. Although it is extremely hard to believe that the anti-German campaign may be a hoax in large part, we must recall that during the World War even the most cautious were fooled by an elaborate propaganda campaign into believing atrocious lies about Germany.

I am as set as anyone against racial intolerance and other crimes attributed to Hitler. Nor do I profess to know anything to disprove the charges made against the Nazi government. But I do not like the idea of a quickly created, almost unanimous public sentiment, based on emotion, directed against another nation.

Santa Monica, Cal., September 30 BERNARD WEISSMAN

A New School in New York

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Recently I got a little circular announcing the opening this autumn of the Labor Action School at 128 East Sixteenth Street, New York, with such fine veteran instructors as Tom Tippett (author of "Your Job and Your Pay," one of the best elementary works on economics for workers), A. J. Muste (for ten years dean of Brookwood Labor College), E. J. Lever (head of Cooperative Distributors), and other prominent educators, such as Reinold Niebuhr and Emmett Dorsey. The circular announced that among the subjects covered would be fascism, the workers and farmers, war, the coming struggle for power, and others of that order.

To me it seems that we have today a sort of three-way race between the NRA, fascism, and some sort of industrial democracy or workers' republic. If the NRA fails, what then? I think it is of tremendous importance that those who are giving thought to these problems should get a wide hearing.

Washington, N. J., November 28 TESS HUFF

Books, Films, Drama

Poem

By LINCOLN REIS

You who have turned away from love, you would profess
Virtue; or, penitent, you would inform
Weariness with faith; but I, become Thomas to your belief,
Presume suspicion, remarking elegance;
This decline of passion, increase of grace,
Quickens knowledge. Or shall I deny disaster,
And judgment lost in sense, propose surrender
To you who, altered, lie virgin to my lust;
Your silence, echo to my intent, and your lips
Sealed to persuasion, dissemble conquest, your scruples
Gild neglect, compounding prudence. Or shall my fancy
Worn with endeavor, commend wisdom, and my discretion
Acquit parting: here where my eyes discover
The tongue's confusion, here my efforts end,
And my senses betray motion, compelled to rest.

Churchill's Marlborough

Marlborough: His Life and Times. By the Right Honorable Winston Churchill, C. H. Volume I, 1650-1688. Volume II, 1688-1702. Charles Scribner's Sons. $6.

MR. CHURCHILL'S great work promises to leave only minor opportunities for later biographers of Marlborough as far as investigation of source material is concerned. The manuscript treasures of Blenheim, long closed to other students, and important collections elsewhere have been placed freely at his disposal, and his own labors have been supplemented by the assistance for four years of an accomplished coworker, M. P. Ashley, in examining manuscripts and revising the text. Any material that has escaped this prolonged and industrious inquiry can hardly be of the first importance. The tone and manner of the work, on the other hand, are on a different level from its indubitably valuable substance, for Mr. Churchill not only makes exalted claims for Marlborough's character and achievements, but persistently interrupts his narrative for the obviously congenial task of flaying Marlborough's critics. Marlborough has not been fortunate in his biographers, and of those who have written about him none has been so severe as Macaulay. Mr. Churchill pays his respects to a number of critics as occasion offers, but it is to Macaulay that he turns and returns with special zest.

Marlborough is a shining example of a great world figure whose career, at some important points, has to be explained, and Mr. Churchill's attitude is often that of an apologist. There is no space here for a detailed review of the elaborate examination which he makes of the various charges against Marlborough, or of his refutation, always acute and vigorous and frequently convincing, of the evidence which Macaulay and others used in their indictments; a summary of the conclusions must suffice.

Mr. Churchill, naturally, has no praise for Marlborough's notorious relations with the Duchess of Cleveland, mistress of Charles II, who not only bore the then Captain Churchill a son but also gave him money; but he dismisses the affair as entirely explicable, human nature being what it is, when ambitious but impecunious youth meets beauty, riches, and power, and declares that Churchill, "serving ashore and afloat under the shot of the enemy, must have felt no shame and earned no scorn in taking" from the Duchess "the modest necessary sums without which he could not have pursued his career or taken his promotions as he gained them." Marlborough has been scored for deserting James II for William of Orange. Mr. Churchill affirms bluntly that he was right, and that the only questions were when and how. He had given a contingent pledge to William, but James might still have a change of mind. He was a Protestant, and he should not have been expected to lend his aid to a forcible and bloody conversion of Englishmen to Catholicism with the assistance of France. It was "a hideous situation" into which he had been drawn "by no fault of his own," and it must be met "calmly and sensibly in the manner most likely to minimize the public dangers and sufferings, and to procure a good result for his country and for himself." The end, one gathers, justified the means.

The famous charge that Marlborough and others, while ostensibly loyal to William and Mary, were systematically plotting a Stuart restoration, and by their betrayal of state secrets brought disaster upon the expedition to Brest, is refuted by a minute examination of the documents, including the memoirs of James II and the Jacobite records in the Scots College at St. Germain. The latter collection, Mr. Churchill believes, is "one of the greatest frauds of history," the papers being "nothing more than the secret-service reports of Jacobite agents and spies in England," and reliance upon them by many writers "an aberration of historical technique." As for the charge of avarice, Mr. Churchill concedes that Marlborough, judged by the contemporary standard which tolerated corruption if it was not too flagrant but regarded "stinting and saving" as "peculiar," "lay under reproach. He was at once highly acquisitive in the gaining of money and extremely careful in the spending of it." Mr. Churchill calls attention, however, to the fact that Marlborough's troops were always promptly paid and well fed, and that while he took from his various offices "everything to which he was entitled either by warrant or recognized custom," there is no proof "that he ever took more."

Mr. Churchill writes ably, as always, but there is no falling back upon rhetoric to conceal imperfect knowledge, for throughout the volumes he shows himself a master. There is a good deal about war, for Marlborough was a soldier; much about diplomacy, for diplomacy was part of his task; much also about English domestic politics, for in that tangled maze he was enmeshed. The story of the years after 1702 will be eagerly awaited, for what is offered here is fascinating reading.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

The Coleridge Letters

Unpublished Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Edited by Earl Leslie Griggs. Yale University Press. Two Volumes. $10.

THE present state of European politics makes any monument to Coleridge deeply relevant. "The name of Coleridge," wrote John Stuart Mill, "is . . . likely to become symbolical of more important things, in proportion as the inward workings of the age manifest themselves more and more in outward facts." In so far as the inward workings of the age have manifested themselves in fascism, Mill's prediction has come true. Not that all of fascism is Coleridge, nor that all of Coleridge's politics is fascism. But Coleridge was the chief transmitter to the English-speaking world of the idealistic, absolutistic, and anti-materialistic philosophy which fascism, both in

Italy and Germany, is now using to rationalize its fight against socialism. Recent essays have reminded us of the close affinity between Carlyle and Hitler, and Carlyle's works, now very popular in Italy, have afforded Mussolini a source for his phrases of contempt for the "swinishness" of material comfort. But though Carlyle, by reason of his hero-melodrama, is closer than Coleridge to the actualities of fascism, he was, for all his sneers at his master, Coleridge's disciple.

However, few of the letters included in the present edition throw much light on Coleridge's political and philosophical thought. The twenty-two long letters in which Coleridge explained his system to C. A. Tulk have been unfortunately relegated by Professor Griggs to a future separate volume. Of the many letters printed almost all have a personal interest. They do not contain material which changes the outline of Coleridge's life as it has been known—many of them have been seen and quoted by biographers, some have been printed before but only in part, or in garbled versions, or in obscure periodicals—but they fill that outline with enlightening detail.

Coleridge has an almost legendary place as the genius who failed. The judgment of failure was, of course, first Coleridge's own. He passed that judgment at least as early as his twenty-ninth year and held it for the thirty-three remaining years of his life. His friends and his public took it, perhaps, too literally. They seem to have forgotten that the standard of success which Coleridge set up was one that few mortals could have measured up to. But Coleridge believed himself a failure, and these volumes of letters are his own record and explanation of his defeat.

Although sometimes he berates himself for moral weakness, Coleridge is most inclined to place his failure at the door of his unhappy marriage and of his ill-health. The letters in this edition throw new and sharp light on his relations with his wife. He seems to have been always tender of her welfare; in the earlier letters he tries with touching delicacy to point out her faults and have her mend them. But he had married Sara Fricker out of misconceived duty, and her dull virtues did not compensate for the loving comprehension which he needed and which her intellectual and emotional mediocrity could not give him. His eventual feelings about her are expressed to his friends with brutal frankness. As for his ill-health, his verbose preoccupation with it (he had memorized Blancard's Latin Medical Dictionary in his youth) does not make it any the less real. The record of the autopsy performed on him shows that he was no hypochondriac, and though neurosis seems to have aggravated his physical ailments and to have been more responsible than they for the opium habit, his physical suffering must have been nearly as terrible as he represented it.

But there is more to the story of Coleridge's self-declared failure than this. It would be cruel to set aside his explanations as mere rationalizing, but marriage and health do not tell everything. The manner in which people regarded Coleridge tends to obscure certain larger possibilities of explanation of his life. He was treated as something between a child and a holy man. Predatory society went out of its way for him; at least two landlords offered him free lodging. The paternal benefactions of his friends are well known. One biographer has written of him as being like Wordsworth's Lucy Gray, a little child, "not far from home, but she hath lost her way." But Coleridge was not merely a blessed incompetent. He was a reservoir of all the culture of past Europe and an assiduous observer of contemporary Europe; his fate was bound up in its fate. The turmoil of events, the new forces let loose by the Industrial Revolution, called him to bring his powers to bear on them. The world of his time demanded a comprehensive and philosophic grasp.

Coleridge often referred to philosophy as a last resort to which he could retreat when his afflictions had robbed him of his "shaping power of Imagination." But before he had thought in this way of philosophy he had written, "I hope Philosophy and Poetry will not neutralize each other, and leave me an inert mass." The crippling conflict of poetry and philosophy has become a commonplace in the discussion of Coleridge. But its implications are great. It is as though Coleridge were declaring that the modern world needed something else than poetry, that it needed a setting in order before poetry could flourish. He himself in some part sacrificed his poetic talent to the achievement of that order.

One may perhaps ascribe to his neurotic inability to order his own life those elements of religious authoritarianism in his own conception of society which, when developed, lead to fascism. Yet even Mill was able to pray that all enemies of liberalism would be as Coleridge, and to point out that the perfect state would be founded on a combination of the ideas of Bentham and Coleridge—democracy and the centralized state, material well-being and cultural development, individual freedom and corporate loyalty.

LIONEL TRILLING

An Urgent Talent

The Boar and Shibboleth, with Other Poems. By Edward Doro. Wood Engravings by Paul Landacre. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

SHADES of Dante, of the Elizabethan lyricists, of Blake, of Tom of Bedlam, of—yes, even of Elinor Wylie! But something else besides. Edward Doro is reputed to be a strange and mad young man, a true poet. He isn't mad. He is merely young and a reader of mystic and metaphysical verse. He has, for a male poet, an oddly feminine turn of phrase. He has a startling facility with words and with rhythms. And if he is going to become an authentic poet he will have to turn his thought away from magic boars, shibboleths, hippogryphs, and what not, all of another epos, another mythology and another tradition.

Probably he can do it. Probably, in time, he will link his mysticism with reality. There are poems in this collection which indicate a turn. Many of them were, to be sure, published in "Alms for Oblivion," printed in Paris, but these are in the "having no patience with mortality" mood. Doro closed his first book with a farewell to youth. And in this new volume his Open Letter for John Doe indicates that he realizes something of the problem of uniting mature intellect with the spinning mystic intensity that is always his.

> Unless the febrile brow be cool,
> Unless the countenance take on carven shape,
> The monarch of this century will not escape
> The clap of chaos in his ear.
> He will go a faltering fool
> Unless the moody eye grow clear,
> Unless the mobile mouth do otherwise than gape.

A talent as urgent as Edward Doro's needs harnessing. I am not implying that the poet should turn propagandist. But I think his inspiration from another period in literature and in society must be focused upon and must clarify the present scene and the present ideology. Otherwise it simply creates vapors. This poet has his vision, but it is a spluttery fire. It creates fantasy. He has an amazing gift for words, perfect command of form. He has a very individual imagination. But he has not looked steadily at life, or at himself. There is too much of the music of old poetic masters in his ears. He needs more than a "mouthful of melodies." Nevertheless, with so sure an ear for rhythm, he could find authentic form for expressing a more austere mysticism, a vision which would come to him as the result of an awareness of what is actually seen and felt today.

EDA LOU WALTON

No Retreat

My Life as German and Jew. By Jacob Wassermann. Coward-McCann. $2.50.

IN a larger sense, this insistence by a Jew on his right to remain both German and Jewish, despite all pressure from without to eject him and all temptation from within to flee, is a notice served by a people. In the face of the tendency on the one hand to seek safety in the protective coloration of assimilation, and the opposite tendency, largely because that road has been blocked, to take refuge in a barren chauvinism, Wassermann has valiantly stood his ground and has refused to give up for a mess of Zionist pottage that large share in Western culture which is the birthright of every Jew. It is high time such a stand was made, for glibly to oppose East and West when the Jew is concerned and to try to erase the obviously Semitic nose in the lineaments of European culture may suit the ideology of Nazis and Zionists alike, but it is a prank that history is bound to forget. For the Jew is no stranger in the Western world to be tolerated on his good behavior and his capacity to learn from his hosts. Not by the grace of such contemporary names as Einstein or Freud or Marx does the Jew sit at the table of European culture. The Jew has helped set the table and been one of its principal purveyors. In the days of St. Paul, when the Western world was the Mediterranean littoral, the Jew was as organic a part of it as he is in the days of Trotzky, and if it is a question of priority, it is the Teutons, who entered the radius of European culture centuries later, whose passports are to be scanned.

"My Life as German and Jew" appeared in German some twelve years ago, but recent events in Germany have moved Wassermann to bring it up to date, and he has added a supplementary chapter. Its American publication will inevitably provoke comparison with a book which, curiously enough, was published here at about the same time that the original edition of Wassermann's book appeared in Germany. I am referring to Ludwig Lewisohn's "Upstream," which is concerned with much the same problems, though Wassermann's reaction to them is characteristically different. In fact, some parts of "My Life as German and Jew" seem to be pointedly addressed to the crop of Lewisohns which the sudden conjunction of Hitlerism and assimilation produced in German Jewry.

> Let it be clearly understood . . . I am not appearing as a penitent sinner, nor do I wish to display a martyr's crown . . . nor as one who with the crushed pride and sullen obstinacy of the rejected suddenly rediscovers and clings to venerable ancient relationships because his membership in the group of his intellectual choice is disputed. . . . I am a German and a Jew, one as much and as fully as the other, both simultaneously and irrevocably.

This is the stand of a man of profound convictions who will not trim his soul to his nose. Lewisohn's reaction was different. In "Upstream" he makes a neat summation of his problem: "I was passionately Anglo-American in my sympathies, I wanted above all things to be a poet in the English tongue and my name and physiognomy were characteristically Jewish." Whereas Lewisohn avowedly had no Jewish roots but on the contrary records "an involuntary hostility to everything Jewish" and was only driven into the bosom of Abraham by the inhospitable bosoms of sundry Alma Maters whose English faculties he aspired to adorn, Wassermann recoils from such spiritual opportunism. He refused to have his philosophy of life dictated to him by his enemies. In so far as he felt himself Jewish, he clung to his Judaism; in so far as he felt himself German, no repudiation from without could change him.

There are aspects of the book, however, that make one feel that Wassermann has made his position unnecessarily difficult by lashing himself to the mast of a hyphenated nationalism. Perhaps if he were not a Jew and so shy of the "Ghetto cosmopolitanism" which he condemns in Heine, he would have found it easier to declare himself a "good European," like his compatriot who invented the phrase and that good Aryan Nietzsche who popularized it, a citizen of a cultural fatherland in which both the German and the Jew in him could feel at home on equal terms. As it is, in trying to mediate between the two he is led into inexcusable apologies for Jewish traits, some of which are standard anti-Semitic myths and others are qualities of which the Jew has every reason to be proud. Particularly unpleasant reading, in view of his own profound recognition that "justice, not merely as an abstract idea, but as a moral conviction of supremely violent urgency, constitutes the moral and legalistic, political and religious fundament of Judaism," is his attempt to "explain" the heroic social idealism of the Jew as if it were a criminal trait:

> Every iconoclastic incident, every convulsion, every social challenge has seen and still sees Jews in the front line. . . . It would have to be conceded that their activity, though it may perhaps be absurd and criminal, . . . is the translation from the religious into the social field of the Messianic ideal derived from Judaism. . . .

Such a gingerly appreciation of a role in which the Jew has done most to vindicate his citizenship in the Western world is a false note in an otherwise beautiful explication of a profound artistic mentality.

ALTER BRODY

Americans in China

Oil for the Lamps of China. By Alice Tisdale Hobart. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

DOES this novel get its vogue from the need of Americans to know and assimilate the East or from their need to look unfavorably upon the Business Civilization? It is in the popular sense a "good story" of the American business pioneer and adventurer of the twentieth century—the simple, strong young fellow, struggling with real idealism, among the ancient, obscure, and far-flung forces of Chinese trade and commerce, to do the will of a high-power corporation located in some New York skyscraper.

It is so far as I know the first American novel to deal with the penetration of big business,—in the shape of an oil company—into Manchuria and the Yangtze Valley. The pattern of the book is panoramic, and the author is at her best in the handling of this pattern, in which is revealed the strange power of American materialism to constrain to its own ends a little insulated band of hard-working, tough-sinewed, loyal men, who, though forced to make their way by courage, resourcefulness, and even recklessness, are never free agents, but always in leading strings to the hard-boiled central power. The representatives of the company and their rather passive, curio-collecting, bridge-playing baby-loving wives must accept the unreasoning obedience of the soldier toward the company which is supposed to "take care of its men" yet is in fact entirely callous toward the individual, exploiting each and all, and thus turning this great Chinese adventure into a petty and ignoble effort.

The situation is viewed largely through the eyes of a wife, hastily espoused but truly loved by the simple and somewhat stupid hero, who is in the end demoted for the very qualities which the corporation had made use of through his best young years. The theme is a fine one and had the author possessed more depth and finality of vision, a style with more edge, and a heart with more bitterness—otherwise said, had she been an artist instead of a sincere observer with a gift for expression—

the novel might be outstanding. The point of view is, however, that of an average well-bred American with a comfortable bank account and culture who, as if in spite of herself, begins to discover that the world is not all it might be: that men and women who seem to live may yet be puppets; that "loyal" ties as between employee and company may be betrayals of spiritual substance; that to be trusting, courageous, faithful to your superior officers does not necessarily bring either earthly or heavenly rewards. The public most interested in the book will not be readers of *Nation* or *New Yorker* but those brought up to look on the Bright Side and trembling now before the vision of a darkening world.

The book is full of fascinating psychological implications about our American civilization which are, however, too unconscious to gather much sting. The story rests on the relation between a husband and wife, typically limited by the fact that the man is too tied in business to have time for more than adoration and sex, and the wife too little gifted for relationship to reveal her real self to her husband. In fact, the book declares, as if in spite of itself, how far apart the two sexes are—both men and women more related to one another than to the opposite sex: e.g., when the men or the women get together by themselves, something happens; but when the hero and heroine—the latter gradually, in the Orient, becomes quasi-Oriental, cultivating aesthetic interests for lack of other stimulus, and obscuring a real talent for the sake of erotic unity—are alone under the oil tanks, nothing happens. We have known other couples like this, and been a little bored by them as we are here.

The relation of the American woman to her Chinese servants and traders—her sense of being perpetually betrayed into a puppet role by old and calculating wisdom and wile, and her essential lack of real curiosity or grasp of the foreign culture; the infinitely more understanding relation of the supposedly more limited man to his Chinese business associates and servants: these are both well rendered. The narrative carries Stephen and Hester from Manchuria to the Yangtze, from one oil post to another, through the various phases of business life, lived as China loses her ancient ways and emerges through famine, flood, and revolution into the present era. The book contains much knowledge, concrete and factual, and is pictorial and atmospheric enough. Yet compared with such Chinese books by Americans as "The Good Earth," or with such a popular yet basic book as Wilhelm's "The Soul of China," the novel fails to convey the deeper implications of Chinese civilization. Perhaps that is because it is so faithful to the business picture. Mrs. Hobart's strength is that she dares present the "company" as a kind of steam-roller, rewarding only those shrewd enough to play in with the hard-boiled group in the skyscraper.

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT

Everyman's History

Jonathan Bishop. By Herbert Gorman. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

IT may not be true any longer that "history is written by the victors"; but the saying receives a new lease on life from the current historical novel. Here the average man, as victor in a long historical process, writes history. Exit the kings and the generals; enter the democratic mediocrity as protagonist or bystander.

For the best portrayal of the average man as historical bystander one must, of course, go back to Andreyev's short story in which the events of the crucifixion are seen through the eyes of Ben-Tovit, who on that day knew only that he suffered from a severe toothache. Andreyev wrote without benefit of political theory and gave us the average man pure and simple—his self-sufficiency, his indifference to the march of events; and there is, for this reason, a terrific poignancy in his story. Today, however, when the average man faces a change of destiny, the novelist must show him as acting with a greater consciousness of his role. With history so obviously in the making, the historical novel goes back to the Biblical apologue—a story in which events of the past are made to illuminate the present.

In "Jonathan Bishop," Herbert Gorman has set out to write a story that would throw light on present social conflicts. The background of this novel is Paris about 1870, and the events occur just before and after the Franco-Prussian War. Three major political movements converge in this background: the last throes of monarchy, as illustrated in the court of Napoleon III; the democratic ideal, incarnate in Jonathan Bishop; and the growing insurgence of the proletariat, as shown in the abortive Commune of 1870. It is an ideal historical pattern that Mr. Gorman has devised, a setting rich in implications for the present time; and the first few chapters of the book, those that deal with Jonathan's reactions to the Old World, are very good. Here we see Jonathan as the young and self-confident democrat who is both fascinated and repelled by the decadent court of Napoleon. He is drawn into an affair with Mme Zinh, a beautiful French spy, sees the fighting at Sedan, and, because of his admiration for Saint-Just (the Saint-Just of the French Revolution transplanted by the author into the nineteenth century), he is conscripted to defend the Commune, and dies in the fighting. But in all this welter of action the theme of Jonathan Bishop's political development gets blurred. His attitude toward the proletarian uprising is not clearly defined, though it is a necessary part of the novel's intellectual argument; and it is hard to understand how Jonathan could at the same time be an American patriot and an admirer of Saint-Just, the social revolutionary. The second half of the novel does not come up to the first part. Full of pastiche episodes, it deteriorates into a conventional historical romance.

GERTRUDE DIAMANT

The Human Consequences of the Five-Year Plan

The Great Offensive. By Maurice Hindus. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. $3.

MR. HINDUS'S new volume is an up-to-date account of the economic and social changes wrought upon Soviet Russia by the Five-Year Plan. Moreover, it is an excellent, though fragmentary, summary of the achievements and failures of the plan with respect to the industrialization of the country and particularly the collectivization of land.

The movement to collectivize Russian land was perhaps the outstanding factor in the Soviet program. It began in 1930, referred to by the Soviet leaders as the "year of the great break." The primary aim of this movement was to industrialize agriculture, to get control of the food supply of the entire nation and increase it by scientific methods. The real issue, however, was much deeper than that. It was the historic struggle between individualism and collectivism, between private enterprise and collective ownership.

Because the Russian peasants were the most individualistic and property-conscious element in Russia, this attempt at collectivization was the most dramatic aspect of the Five-Year Plan. Indeed, it was a fierce and ruthless struggle. No doubt, as Mr. Hindus points out, many cruel acts and unforgivable mistakes were committed by over-zealous Communists. The sacrifices suffered by the peasants were beyond description. Whether they were justified or not, one thing is certain: at the end of

the Five-Year Plan, at the moment when the United States government has at last decided to establish diplomatic relations with Russia, private property no longer exists in that country.

Social change followed close upon the heels of the economic change. The immediate purpose of the Five-Year Plan, as is well known, was the industrialization of the Soviet Union at a tempo hitherto unparalleled in history. However, its final objective was not, as many Americans believed, industrialization—to surpass in technique the most highly developed capitalist countries. Its objective, as formulated by the Fifteenth Party Congress, was "the decisive raising of the cultural level of both city and village population"—the development of a new man.

Indeed, two revolutions have whirled across the lives of 160,000,000 people—the bloody revolution of October and the bloodless Five-Year Plan. How have they affected them as individuals? Mr. Hindus is well equipped to answer this question, although we must discard some of his generalizations about communism and world revolution. Himself a Russian who emigrated to the United States at an early age, he still remembers the worker and peasant of prerevolutionary Russia and he constantly uses them for background and contrast in his study of the new Russian man, while a knowledge of the Russian language enables him to talk to people, enter into their confidence, and extract the most minute details of their lives.

Summarizing the achievement of the Five-Year Plan, Mr. Hindus points out that materially this first step in the "great offensive" was not crowned with great success. In its task of reconstructing the human personality, however, it achieved triumph after triumph. "It has fashioned a new man with a wholly new outlook on the world and his own position in it." He is a "robust personage," this new Russian, who has lost all fear of God, sex, the family, as well as all fear of insecurity; he is a product of a new idea and a symbol of a new society.

But this is only the beginning. The revolution is not yet completed. And although famine may once more fall on the land, says Mr. Hindus, although there may be a breakdown in the coal and steel industry, though leaders may come and go, 'unless a war comes and imposes a foreign rule on Russia, the revolution will march on."

LEON DENNEN

Textbook of the New Deal

This Changing World. By Samuel S. Fels. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

TO those who seek orientation in this present world or who want a sane and easily comprehended, even if not dogmatically theological, try at the query Why and Whither? or who would be interested in an autobiographical sketch of the mind of a cultured American of affairs, this book can be highly recommended. For notwithstanding the publisher's announcements, it is only in a very technical sense that the author can be classified as a business man. He is far too different from the business "tycoon." It is true that Mr. Fels is a large-scale and successful manufacturer of an important commodity—soap. But because he is so much more than this these widespreading comments on the current scene are those rather of one gifted with a delicate sense of values, animated at all times by high purpose, one who, over a long span of years, has lived close to the realities of our common life.

On questions lying definitely within the field of business and economics the author has made out a good case for a wider spread of purchasing power, guaranties of economic independence for the workers, higher wages with lower unit costs and prices, some redistribution of wealth, the breaking down in size of our larger industrial units—all in reasonable harmony with the maintenance of what we so loosely call our capitalist system. But many readers will be disappointed to discover that Mr. Fels has contented himself in these matters largely with indicating objectives and in some cases only with direction. More and more the conviction grows that what we lack is a listing of steps to be taken, and definite plans for immediate procedure. We need many such efforts as Mr. Swope has made to outline a desirable and immediate industrial evolution. We may never adopt the Swope plan or any part of it, and yet it will have served high ends in focusing thought on the problem, provoking widespread discussion, and even in helping us to decide what we do not want. Those who choose to serve the public in this way are rendering a service comparable in a way to that on the battlefield. For through the resulting discussion their intellectual capacity, their disinterestedness, and the feasibility of their suggestions are sure to be subjected to a searching barrage of criticism frequently bitter and sometimes most unfair. But the problems of social organization which we now envisage, and the countless ones lying somewhere below the horizon, will never be solved except through the clash of concrete suggestions. And yet who has stated more eloquently than Mr. Fels the ultimate purpose behind trade and commerce and manufacture?

> American business must meet the test of young eyes—and that not merely by the magic of its science, the lure of its stakes, and the genius of its leadership, but by the measure of opportunity for life and adventure, for self-reliance, and for democratic participation which industry holds out to a new generation.

Mr. Fels has done well to devote much of his book to a searching analysis of the problems of childhood particularly as they bear on the future organization of society. "If men and women," he writes, "are to be neither disintegrated nor regimented by the forces we have set going, we must hand on to the boy and girl the art of fashioning and participating in those group relationships on which will depend the social texture of a new day."

There may be a more inclusive textbook for students of the New Deal. But I have not seen it.

MORRIS LLEWELLYN COOKE

Shorter Notices

The English Eccentrics. By Edith Sitwell. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

It is evident that Edith Sitwell is now thoroughly reexploring her library. After a delightful literary vacation at Bath, in which she partially reconstructed the life of Beau Nash, she turns her attention to a number of English eccentrics ranging in time from the seventeenth century to the present. Miss Sitwell has an eye for curious anecdote and no sense of proportion. The book is in complete disorder; one moment Miss Sitwell may be speaking of Sir Kenelm Digby, the next of Margaret Fuller, the next of Ivar Kreuger, Edward Wortley Montagu, or Richard Porson. Miss Sitwell attempts to divide her eccentrics into occupational categories, but her tendency to become agitated, amused, excited over each new discovery shatters her frail effort toward design. Reading the book is like meeting an extremely talkative, scatter-brained hostess at a Bloomsbury tea party. In the hope that one anecdote may amuse you, she tells you five or six in rapid succession, forgetting in her haste the point of each, and then leaps forward with another half-dozen. Occasionally there is a thrust of provincial malice and would-be snobbery—an instance of this appears in her story of Margaret Fuller and Emerson—but the thrust is so feeble and the lack of taste so obvious that the ridicule swings backward and very nearly demolishes Miss Sitwell. At best this book may be used as a guide for the not too unfamiliar curiosities of English literature.

Selected Poems. By Oliver St. John Gogarty. The Macmillan Company. $2.

For students of "Ulysses" this volume is certain to have a very special interest as being the work of "stately, plump Buck Mulligan," now grown middle-aged, respectable, and celebrated as surgeon and professional wit. Certain items in the collection, like the scandalous epigram entitled "After Galen," recall the coarsely blasphemous young medico of Joyce's epic; but most of them might have been written by an early seventeenth-century gentleman who had somehow got astray in twentieth-century Dublin. Certainly Mr. Gogarty's accents are happiest when they are most Cavalier—such lyrics as Golden Stockings and Begone, Sweet Ghost are very nearly perfect additions to the tradition of Jonson, Herrick, and Lovelace. At times also there is that light-hearted stoicism packed into neatly balanced stanzas which we associate with Marvell and his school.

> **Then do not shudder at the knife**
> That Death's indifferent hand strikes home,
> But with the Strivers leave the Strife,
> Nor, after Caesar, skulk in Rome.

When Mr. Gogarty attempts more contemporary themes and modes he is not so successful; the audacity, for example, which leads him into competition with Yeats in treating the Leda theme is scarcely rewarded. Moreover, it must be remarked that in his preference for the urbane tradition in English verse he cuts himself off not only from his own time but also from his own country. This is perhaps the real reason why, as a poet, Mr. Gogarty will never cause any serious conflagration on the Liffey.

Watching the World Go By. By Willis J. Abbot. Little Brown and Company. $3.

Willis J. Abbot's memoirs are distinctly disappointing. He has had an interesting and kaleidoscopic career such as a journalist delights in, and has met many people of note. But he throws no new light upon the historical figures which he has encountered, nor does he elevate either himself or the American press by his narrative. There are, in addition, various errors of fact. This is a pity, because Willis Abbot has influenced a great many people—one of his books has sold a million copies. His tribute to the *Christian Science Monitor,* of which he was the editor and is now the chief editorial writer, is largely merited, but the fact remains that the *Monitor* has serious faults as a journal because of the restrictions put upon it by the creed of the church which sponsors it, though that church is sufficiently broad-minded not to use it as a propaganda organ. One section of Mr. Abbot's book has historical value. It is that which tells of the abominable work done by the Hearst press—Mr. Abbot was then editor of the New York *Journal*—in bringing on the war with Spain. However, he does not dwell upon the fact that the Spaniards had surrendered on every point before McKinley went to Congress and demanded war lest the yellow journals and his political opponents make political capital out of his refusal to go to war. If the book lacks deeper significance and with respect to its facts must be read with reserve, Mr. Abbot's style is readable and entertaining.

Mrs. Haney. By Foxhall Daingerfield. William Farquhar Payson. $2.

Shanty-dwelling degenerates have been favorite subjects in recent novels. The present story is not written to shock in the Faulkner manner, and it does not exemplify the robust humor in which Erskine Caldwell excels. Rather it is made up of those most delicate of all perceptions and impressions which are conducive to pathos. A reader on closing the book will marvel at the skill and completeness of a rendering which appears to consist of no more than a series of fugitive glimpses. John Carroll, almost from the day of his birth on a comfortable Southern estate, was familiar with the bizarre appearance of the Haneys' shack; he talked with Mrs. Haney once or twice, and he talked with his mother about her and was present once when, in desperation, Mrs. Haney appealed to his mother for help. Once he gave Bonnie Haney a lift, but his father made haste to inform him that Bonnie, with the aid of her aunt, "Big Idy," had "gone to the bad." By accident John arrived with the deputy sheriff at the empty shanty just after the last great catastrophe in little Mrs. Haney's life. Her accumulated woes and humiliations had nerved her after twenty years to a deed of violence. There was nothing but a corpse in the shanty. But Mrs. Haney had no idea of running away. She walked in presently with her characteristic "Hellor."

> She was half in rags and when she came forward into the room there was something very proud and confident in her funny, hopping little walk. Her hands were blue with cold and her face ghastly white. . . . "I reckon you think I look mighty dowdy," [said Mrs. Haney].

But one needs to have read the whole story to know how much that speech can count. It is one more evidence that the big dramatic effects are the quieter ones. Mr. Daingerfield's death, after this admirable first experiment in serious fiction, is deeply regrettable.

Poetry and Its Meaning. By Lascelles Abercrombie. Oxford University Press. $1.

Discovering Poetry. By Elizabeth Drew. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.50.

Mr. Abercrombie believes that the lack of interest in poetry is an acquired distaste, and that an understanding of the nature and methods of poetry will lead those who have some liking for it from apathy to enthusiasm. He proves his point. His discussion, divided into a consideration of the verbal music and the intensified meanings of poetry is stimulating. Unfortunately, Mr. Abercrombie blunts his effects by taking his examples too often from a minor poet, Robert Bridges. Miss Drew's book is sensitive and intelligent. She does not solve the mystery of poetry but she brings under effective examination some of the elements of poetry and some of its effects. Her illustrative excerpts are extremely well chosen and ample, and in this respect her book constitutes one of the finest short anthologies available.

A Note on Georges Schreiber

THE current exhibitions of water colors are numerous and exuberant but none is worth more attention than the show of Georges Schreiber at the New School of Social Research, which will be on view until December 26.

The paintings are somber in tone but rich in color, while the nervous lines that play such an important part in this artist's work display a highly imaginative quality. Schreiber does not perplex the visitor with a "theory," does not lead him into abstractions. But the free play in color and line, the permutation and combination of aesthetic elements into a personal style, prove that the artist has assimilated many of the theories that mark the vital schools in modern art. There is a contemporary flavor in the social character of his subject matter. It is literary. It is romantic. It is German in its seriousness. And there is no sign of fuzziness in the artist's conceptions.

His themes are contemporary. In all the pictures Schreiber shows himself to be acutely aware of the actualities and brutalities of the world he lives in, responsive to the characters he portrays. His representations have life. The artist draws on sources as various and incongruous as a few of his titles indicate —Pietà and Political Murder, Lynching and Torah Study. But

always his conceptions are clearly defined in the sensitive line, the subtle color. He has respect for form, and though his colors are subtle, with only here and there a bright splash of pure color, there is nothing weak about his work. A portrait included in the exhibition serves as an example of the artist's ability to work in a broader manner and in more vivid color.

A curious and remarkable characteristic of his work is the important part played by the group motive. In the complicated composition of the Lynching group, in the exalted Jews at Prayer, in the Lovers, even in Asleep, it is evident that the artist is attracted by the unity in human activity. The modeling, the pen-work, and the intricate lines draw the group to a center.

LYDIA NADEJENA

Films

Ex Cathedra

"COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW' is better as a play," Mr. Elmer Rice is quoted as saying in a recent interview. "It is necessarily better. No talking picture is ever as effective as the original play simply because actors do not respond to a camera and microphone as they do to a flesh-and-blood audience. After all, a talking picture is nothing but a succession of photographs accompanied by a phonograph record. It is static, rigid, whereas a play has a living, human quality." Unfortunately, space is lacking to examine each of the three statements embraced in this pronunciamiento with the completeness which some people may feel they deserve. At some later date it will be necessary to inquire more closely into the notion that acting depends, and always has depended, on some sort of mystical communication between the actor and his audience. At the moment all that one will suggest is that by "effective" a playwright like Mr. Rice probably means theatrically effective, in which case the separation between the actor and his flesh-and-blood audience is a loss only to the legitimate-stage box office. One suspects that good actors on the stage have always chosen, as screen actors are now forced, to concentrate on their roles rather than on their audiences. And if this should prove to be the case it would make little difference whether actors played before one of Mr. Zukor's microphones or a packed house at the Guild. Certainly it is hard to believe that Bebe Daniels, who is so nearly perfect as the secretary in Mr. Rice's screen play, would be any better under the inspiration of the ermine cloaks, the white shirt fronts, and the rattling programs. And John Barrymore, who plays the prosperous Jewish lawyer, is actually better, as indeed he has been in all his recent screen roles, than one remembers him to have been on the stage. In his case at least, the microphone has been an instrument for discipline and restraint. What Mr. Rice's first objection amounts to, then, is not so much a psychological truth about acting as a revelation of his own essential attitude toward the theater. It reveals not only that his prime criterion is a certain undefined "effectiveness"—probably what is called the "atmosphere of the theater"—but also that he passes on the principal job of attaining this to the actor. Surely, for a playwright, this is a very strange admission.

As for Mr. Rice's second statement, one hardly knows whether to be the more amazed at its scientific inaccuracy or its wilful ignoring of so many of the complex artistic problems involved in the making of even the most inferior picture. Of course by choosing such a word as "succession" Mr. Rice means to imply that a film is without that order of parts and relation of parts to a whole usually demanded of a work of art. Yet to describe a film as a mere succession of something is as unfair as to say that a building is a succession of bricks or that a play is a succession of words. And to say that the photographs are "accompanied" by a phonograph record is to allow one's prejudice to lead to an unpardonable abuse of words. Has Mr. Rice never had the good fortune of seeing a talking picture, like one of René Clair's, for example, in which both the order in which the things seen are shown and the manner in which these things are fused with the things heard are very carefully calculated to produce a certain effect—an effect that is as valid as, although it may be different from, that of the traditional drama? If he has not, one can better understand his confusion, although the logic which decides first that something is a succession and then that it is static and rigid must still remain quite mysterious.

To being considered seriously either as drama or as cinema "Counsellor-at-Law" can lay small claims: Mr. Rice is a splendid example of the journalist in the theater. In the theater the journalist takes up one or another current idea, serves it up through characters who are all recognizable types, and gives us the illusion of thinking without any of the possible discomforts of following an idea through to the end. The essence of journalism, here as elsewhere, is caution. Thus, the idea is new but not so new that a great many people have not already been persuaded of its truth: here it is the hollowness of the self-made man's ideal. Characters are "true to life"; that is, they do not disturb the pictures of life which we have already drawn up in our minds. And the theme is brought to a fundamentally *safe* resolution. The happy and convenient formula is, Life goes on. The most serious and moving moment in the play occurs when the young Communist, who has been beaten up by the police, comes to the lawyer's office and releases

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his suppressed rage in a speech which is a challenge to the lawyer and his whole lot. For a single moment one believes that this is going to have some moral effect, that it is going to determine the later action of the play. Not at all, life just goes on. Yet the incident in itself has been effective. Many of the incidents and touches throughout have been effective. And so one may say that the picture as a whole is effective—just about as effective as dramatic journalism ever can be on the stage or screen. But more than that one cannot say of "Counsellor-at-Law."

Suggested by Nathanael West's morbid little novel of last season, "Advice to the Lovelorn" turns out to be something like a definitive swan song for the "Front Page" type of screen story and for that veteran scapegrace of the films, Lee Tracy. Somehow the main situation, that of a young newspaperman forced to answer the many letters sent in by lonely or unfortunate people to a great metropolitan daily, gets mixed up with a propagandist thesis directed against chain drugstores which sell poisonous prescriptions. A reform-uplift note is substituted for the strident tragedy with which Mr. West ended his book. Of Mr. Tracy's rambunctious high spirits one can only say that they now seem to have become as exhausting to himself as to his audience.

WILLIAM TROY

Drama

What the People Want

AT the present moment there are at least fourteen unqualified successes displayed on Broadway. Four of them are musical, and though the other ten range in gravity from "She Loves Me Not" to "Men in White," there is not one which does not have at least some freshness or verve to recommend it and not one, therefore, calculated to inspire in the breast of the critical observer that despair which he feels when compelled to contemplate the success of an "Abie's Irish Rose." Theatrical audiences may be frivolous, but they have tended, in recent years at least, to exhibit a collective taste rather markedly different from that of either the movie-goer or even the reader of novels. The analogues of Kathleen Norris and Ethel M. Dell do not often stand at the head of the best-seller list in the ticket broker's office.

One thing is conspicuously absent from the current program and that is the play of social protest. The spectator who insists upon a discussion of economic conditions will have to seek out "Peace on Earth" down at the Civic Repertory Theater or wait until the Guild produces its promised drama based on the Scottsboro case, for the "problem" of 'The Green Bay Tree" is purely an individual one and even "Men in White" does not suggest that the situation it presents is to be taken as an indictment of the capitalist system. Apparently, theatergoers are still primarily interested in wit, character, poetry, intellect, love, and the other trivial surface phenomena of bourgeois existence.

The official explanation of this fact is, I believe, that the public is determined to escape from social realities and to distract itself with one or another ingenious irrelevance. The case for this interpretation has been ably, and persistently, argued, but there still remains in my mind some doubt as to the precise criterion which one ought to use in distinguishing between a laudable cultivation of the human spirit and what the more fanatically earnest students of our social predicament denounce as a cowardly "escape." Was Shakespeare, for example, merely running away when he wrote "Hamlet" and "Lear" instead of concerning himself with the evils of that British imperialism which was just getting off to a good start? And if the answer

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Eves. 8:20—Mats. Thurs. & Sat. at 2:20
Extra Matinee Christmas and New Years' Day

MOLIERE'S COMEDY WITH MUSIC
The School for Husbands
with OSGOOD PERKINS
and JUNE WALKER
EMPIRE THEATRE BROADYAY and 40th STREET.
Eve., 8:40. Mat. Thurs., Sat., 2:40
Extra Matinee Christmas and New Years' Day

MAXWELL ANDERSON'S new play
MARY OF SCOTLAND
with
HELEN HAYES PHILIP MERIVALE HELEN MENKEN
ALVIN THEATRE — 52nd Street, West of Broadway —
Eves. 8:20. Mats. Thurs. and Sats. 2:20
Extra Matinee Christmas and New Years' Day

The Group Theatre and Sidney Harmon and James R. Ullman present Sidney Kingsley's play
MEN IN WHITE
An experience thrilling and absorbing, genuine and complete.—*J. W. KRUTCH, The Nation.*
BROADHURST THEATRE—44th St. W. of Broadway
Eves. 50c to $2.50. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

PEACE ON EARTH *AN ANTI-WAR PLAY*
SIDNEY HOWARD: "The play and audience both an experience to remember."
HARRY F. WARD: "I am urging everybody to see it immediately."
CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE 14th St. & 6th Ave.
Prices 30c, 45c, 60c, $1, $1.50, No Tax—Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"The Theatre has unleashed one of its thunderbolts under Jed Harris's direction."
BROOKS ATKINSON—*N. Y. Times.*
Jed Harris Production
The **Green Bay Tree**
CORT THEATRE. 48th St. E. of B'way
Mats. Wed. and Saturday 2:30

"The PURSUIT of HAPPINESS"
"Merry mixture of folklore and farce."
—*John Mason Brown, Eve. Post*
"A smart and bawdy satire . . . a wolf in sheep's clothing." —*Percy Hammond, Herald Tribune*
AVON THEATRE, 45th Street West of Broadway. CHi. 4-7860
Eves. 8:45, $1 to $2.50; Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30, 75c & $2

Beginning Saturday, Dec. 23rd—First American Showing!
FEDOR OZEP'S *"MIRAGES de PARIS"*
(Director of "The Yellow Ticket," "Brothers Karamazoff" and "The Living Corpse.")
A French Talking Film with Complete English Dialogue Titles
"A brilliant work. A film which should be shown to all students of cinema technics. Ozep reveals extraodinary faculty for Montage—that Russian touch!"
—*Jean Lenauer,* (The great Parisian cinema critic), in "*Close Up.*"
ACME THEATRE 14th St. & Union Sq. *Rendezvous of the Intelligentsia* Midnight Show Every Saturday

□ JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says □

AH, WILDERNESS! Guild Theater. Tender and humorous story of a young boy trying to grow up. Highly entertaining but not one of O'Neill's major works.

AS THOUSANDS CHEER. Music Box. Hilarious series of hard-hitting satirical sketches in a first-rate musical review. Clifton Webb, Leslie Adams, Helen Broderick, and Marilyn Miller help make it the best thing of its kind.

CHAMPAGNE, SEC. Shubert Theater. Irreverent adaptation of "Die Fledermaus." Gay, inexhaustibly tuneful, and consistently diverting.

DOUBLE DOOR. Ritz Theater. Exciting but not too convincing melodrama based on the Wendel case.

HER MASTER'S VOICE. Plymouth Theater. Clare Kummer at the top of her form provides a full evening of her original and slightly delirious kind of wit. With Roland Young and Laura Hope Crews.

LET 'EM EAT CAKE. Imperial Theater. Sequel to "Of Thee I Sing," with Victor Moore and the other stars in continuations of their former roles. Very funny in spots but marred by a good deal of lost motion.

MARY OF SCOTLAND. Alvin Theater. Superb performances by Helen Hayes and Philip Merivale in a play by Maxwell Anderson. A great success though I found myself less moved than I should have been.

MEN IN WHITE. Broadhurst Theater. The problems of a young doctor made into a surprisingly moving and absorbing play. Thanks to a superb production by the Group Theater it becomes one of the two current offerings which no one can afford to miss.

PEACE ON EARTH. Civic Repertory Theater. Rather flat-footed propaganda against capitalist war. Much liked by those who like that sort of thing.

SAILOR, BEWARE! Lyceum Theater. Adventures of a sailor in love. Entertainingly bawdy comedy in which the sex life of our naval heroes is treated without reserve. (P.M.)

SHE LOVES ME NOT. Morosco Theater. Fast and furious farce about a Princeton Galahad who rescues the wrong girl with unexpected results. Very fast and very funny.

THE GREEN BAY TREE. Cort Theater. Powerful and absorbing psychological portrait of a cultivated and somewhat effeminate egotist. Probably the most original play of the year, and like "Men in White" not to be missed by anyone interested in the theater.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS. Avon Theater. Historical farce-comedy centering about the pleasant old New England custom of bundling. Spicy, impudent, and genuinely amusing.

THE SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS. Empire Theater. Arthur Guiterman and Lawrence Langner make a picturesque and flippant adaptation of Molière's "The School for Husbands." There is much difference of opinion concerning its merits as entertainment but I found it charming and funny, as well as not too far from the spirit of the original author. With June Walker and Osgood Perkins.

TOBACCO ROAD. Masque Theater. Grotesquely humorous treatment of human degeneracy as exemplified by the poor whites of Georgia, with a remarkable performance by Henry Hull. Not recommended to the squeamish.

The Second Session of
THE NATION'S RADIOTORIAL BOARD
over Station W.E.V.D.
will take place on Thursday, Dec. 28, at 8 P.M.
The commentators on current events will be
ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS ELMER DAVIS
HARRY W. LAIDLER
Joseph Wood Krutch, editor of *The Nation*
will introduce the speakers

is yes, then what of Congreve and Sheridan, Wordsworth and Keats—to say nothing of Newton, Darwin, and Clerk-Maxwell? Thanks to an old-fashioned education I have got in the habit of thinking that mere sensitivity, detachment, elevation of spirit, or dispassionate thought is not only worth having but rather difficult of attainment. Now I am told that each is merely something into which the dull and the selfish tend to slip if they are not vigorously called to order by more altruistic and practical persons; that pure feeling and pure thought are not the highest but the most trivial of human occupations; and that the subtlest philosophers, the most recondite scientists, and the most rapt poets are not cultural heroes but merely adepts in the art of "escape."

If I am not quite convinced it is because of a difficulty which I have not been able entirely to resolve and which arises out of what seems to me a certain tendency in the argument of my opponents to point both ways. If some men turn to the consideration of the individual and his problems because they do not know how to tackle the problems of society, is it not equally likely that some writers escape from the difficult task of creating interesting characters or situations by adopting the ready-made outline of the social problem? Is it not possible, even, that some revolutionists have become what they are because they found difficulty with themselves as individuals and discovered in the professional denunciation of the capitalist system a very successful means of running away from the selves which they dared not face? Perhaps true courage consists in concerning oneself with the problems which belong to one's own profession. Perhaps, therefore, the artist who turns to politics is seeking an "escape" quite as truly as the economist who turns to art.

Let me, however, hasten to add that I am not comparing even the best of the current plays with Shakespeare and that I will go no farther than to maintain that they are, at least, better as plays than any of the few recent attempts at the sociological drama have been, either as art or as argument. Let me add still further that the only new production since my last report is hardly ammunition for anyone. "All Good Americans" (Henry Miller Theater) purports to reveal the life of the hard-drinking American colony in Paris. It is alternately very sentimental and determinedly smart without being particularly successful in either manner. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Contributors to This Issue

JOHN STRACHEY, author of "The Coming Struggle for Power" and "The Menace of Fascism," is at present in the United States on a lecture trip.

PHILIP S. BERNSTEIN, Rabbi of Temple B'rith Kodesh in Rochester, visited Germany last summer.

CATHERINE BAUER is working on a book on modern European housing.

HERBERT RABINOWITZ is a New York lawyer.

WILLIAM MACDONALD contributes historical and political reviews to *The Nation* and other periodicals.

LIONEL TRILLING is a member of the English department of Columbia University.

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT is the author of "Fire over the Andes" and "Short as Any Dream."

LEON DENNEN was formerly on the literary staff of the Moscow *Daily News*.

MORRIS LLEWELLYN COOKE, a Philadelphia consulting engineer who was director of the Giant Power Survey in Philadelphia, is trustee of the Power Authority of the State of New York.